MHP

MICHEAL HUNT PUBLISHING'S CATALOGUE OF EXTREME CULTURE, MUSIC, AND ART

IN THIS ISSUE:

MANOWAR

OTTIS TOOLE

GG ALLIN (part 2)

MR. X - AL FRANK

MARILYN MANSON

AND DANNY LILKER
SPEAKS OUT ON NAZIS

MICHAEL HUNT

PRESENTS

KinG VelVeeda's Court of Porn

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M.F. MAGAZINE

P.O. BOX 226 BENSENVILLE, IL 60106

PUBLISHER: Michael Hunt Publishing
EDITOR: A. E. Stocky
ART DIRECTOR: Ed Flynn

COVER ART: Mr. X
104 North Loop 105 Austin, Tx. 78751
(512)•371•7764

COVER / LOGO DESIGN: Ed Flynn
LAYOUT / DESIGN: Ed Flynn, MHP, Ronda Norman,
ADDITIONAL TYPESETTING: Linda Conard
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Shan Siva, Joe Coughlin, Roxanne, Marilyn Manson, Craig Rowe, Stan Koson, Robert Lowe, TVM, Randall Phillip, Billy Bob Barton
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: Clay Heess, Jessamy Andelson, Sergio Posada, Mike Diana, King Vel Veeda, Mr. X
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Chris Anda, A.E. Stocky

COMMUNICATIONS CHEIF: Carmi Daley
ADVERTISING / SALES: Shane Bugbee and Carmi Daley

CONTACT SHANE AT:
MICHAEL HUNT PUBLISHING, LTD.
phone: (773) 927-5008 fax: (773) 927-5584

CONTACT CARMI AT:
7/13 DISTRIBUTION
phone: (630) 894-5119
Email: MetalMAG aol.com

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Subscriptions are available for $10.00 for one year price includes sipping and promo CDs.

TABLE OF VILENESS

INTRODUCTION....2
MICHAEL HUNT NEWS....4
Stop The Press, Satan Signs On, Smut - o - Rama,
COVER ARTIST - *MR. X*....8
INFORMATION OVERLORD....6
news, gossip, win a free CD contest, and more!
DANNY LILKER SPEAKS OUT!....13
MANOWAR VS. SOLITUDE AETURNUS....10
by Robert Lowe
MARILYN MANSON - *Letters from the Darkness*....42
M.F. LIST OF FAVORITES....54
DIEHARD...*with a vengeance*....20
*with **Goat** and **Daemon***
G.G. Allin - *"So I Hear You're Writing A Book About G.G....*
part 1....45
part 2....50
by Joe Coughlin
HEAVY METAL SLUT OF THE SEASON....27
OTTIS TOOLE: THE CANNIBAL KID, R.I.P....36
*Reprinted from Mike Diana's **"Worst Of Boiled Angel"***
THE CHICAGO METAL INQUISITION....16
by Stan Koson
"WOT MY MATES AND I DID AT DYNAMO"....24
by Shan Siva
MUSIC FESTIVALS WORLDWIDE....14
CENTRAL ILL NOISE FEST....41
by Craig Rowe
ROXANNE'S RECORD REVIEWS....57
FROM OUR SCREEN TO YOURS....33
by the T.V.Ministry
Randall Phillip....59
Kill Christians

Greetings and welcome to issue #2 of MF Magazine!

As you will soon see, M.F. has expanded into a pure powerhouse of the extreme. What we are striving to do here is incorporate all of the things that we are interested in, and we assume you are interested in, too. Music, art, and the people who make our culture what it is. You may have noticed we have shortened the name of our magazine to merely M.F. as we are hoping to get it into the hands of unwitting "other music listeners". This is also due to our quest to separate ourselves from the previous Metal Fest Program Guide from which we were born. Anyway, M.F. leaves more up to your imagination.

At Michael Hunt Publishing we revel in the shocking, the bizarre, and the obscure. This causes us to be often looked upon in an unclear light, we are called nazis, devil worshippers, child molesters, and heretics. It's funny (but not humorous), how liberals, for example, are quick to say that freedom of speech is our birth right, as long as what is being said follows their belief system, the very minute it strays from the popular or politically correct standpoint it is wrong and has no right to be said! It seems to me that this illustrates modern nazism, far more than us running an ad or story from a non-politically correct organization, band, or individual.

Enough with our woes and on with the magazine! In this issue you will find the complete story on G.G. ALLIN by Joe Coughlin, because quite frankly, when he saw our masterful editing of his great work he blew a gasket, and that's putting it mildly. We also have a reprinted interview with the recently deceased Ottis Toole, taken from Mike Diana's 'Worst Of Boiled Angel'. For those of you who are unfamiliar with Ottis, he's a mass murderer who admits to killing "hundreds of people" including little Adam Walsh. Another big part of this issue is our vast coverage of music festivals worldwide, including major articles on Dynamo and the Central Ill Noise Fest.

We've coerced Robert, from SOLITUDE AETURNUS, into interviewing (his idol) Eric Adams from MANOWAR. And, we've even got an interview with the founder of Denmark's DIEHARD RECORDS, plus two of his biggest bands. If this isn't enough for you, perhaps the Heavy Metal Slut, our newest feature, will tempt you with the taste of nuts and honey. Lastly, be sure to read up on the latest chapter in the Mike Diana saga, he has lost the last appeal in his fight for first amendment rights, his only recourse now is the supreme court.

We are always excited to hear from our readers, so if you've got something to say feel free to write us, and if there is something you would like us to write about, drop us a hint. We've said it before and we'll say it again, the motto for M.F. Magazine stands – If you're not with us, you're against us!

Sincerely,
Shane and Amy Bugbee

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Michael Hunt News

Here it is! The top news about all that is unfit to see print, directly from the dark caverns of the Michael Hunt empire! We are the publishers your mother warned you about! Come and learn of the twisted realms that lay before you! At Michael Hunt we strive to bring you the very greatest people, art, and literature from the underground, what we ourselves enjoy. The following news items will help you understand our vision and our struggle. It is our firm stance, that if you're not with us you are against us!

STOP THE PRESS

Florida artist Mike Diana lost his final appeal on January 17, 1997. The court upheld it's original verdict, that Mike's 'Boiled Angel' comic / zine was obscene. For those unfamiliar with the case, this legal fiasco began back in March of 1994, he was arrested and tossed in jail for creating, distributing, and selling obscene material. He was found guilty and has lost several appeals since then. Making him the first artist ever to be arrested for drawing pictures.

The only recourse now is the supreme court, but Diana is not a rich kid. In the past he has been aided by the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, an organization created to help in matters such as these, but the organization is now questioning whether or not to continue their aid in this volatile case.

We at Michael Hunt Publishing, the official publishers of Mike Diana, are urging you to stand up and be counted in this fight, not just for Mike Diana, but for us all. This case sets a dangerous precedent for anyone outside of mainstream culture, and the end of free speech as we know it!

We are accepting donations, and we urge you to purchase Mike Diana comics to help us aid Mike in his battle. Also, we urge you to contact your elected politicians and ask them to speak out about this travesty of justice. Even if you are not a fan of this artwork, if you allow it to be punished where will it stop, and just who will be punished next - maybe you!

T-SHIRTS
Fash
FOR

FUCK FLORIDA

An anthology book to benefit Mike Diana.
Various artists are contributing pieces on Mike's case, censorship, or their own interpretation of one of Mike's comics or drawings. All proceeds will benefit the Mike Diana Defense Fund.
Submissions are being accepted until April 1,1997.
Send materials to: P. O. Box 226, Bensenville, IL 60106

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WORST OF BOILED ANGEL

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3" MINI SPLIT CD ***WITH THE WORLD'S FIRST 7" ROUND COMIC!!!***

We had no idea that Wesley Willis was going to break so big when we started on this project, now he's on MTV. This recording was from back when he still had the Fiasco as his back up. A great pairing, since Austin's FUCK EMOS are sure to be the next big thing!

Anton LaVey Signs On To Michael Hunt

When asked, the famed "Black Pope" jumped at the opportunity to write the introduction to Michael Hunt Publishing's new release of MIGHT IS RIGHT. This is the very "necronomicon" that influenced much of his *Satanic Bible* .

"This edition will be something to treasure." Said a spokesperson for LaVey. Previous printings have been, until now, hard to find and poorly done. In his introduction LaVey will reveal who the mysterious author of MIGHT IS RIGHT really is! In M.F. #3 we will have an in depth interview with the legend known as Anton LaVey.

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MICHAEL HUNT PUBLISHING PRESENTS
VEL VEEDA'S COURT OF PORN!

TO HELP SEAL THE 3 BOOK DEAL **KING VEL VEEDA** JUST SIGNED WITH **MICHAEL HUNT PUBLISHING. MICHAEL HUNT** AND **POOP STUDIOS** ARE HOLDING A HUGE CELEBRATION ART SHOW AND SMUT PARTY. THE GALA WILL BE HELD ON FEBRUARY 14, AT **POOP STUDIOS, CHICAGO.**

PORN LEGEND **SEKA** WILL BE ON HAND FOR THE CONTRACT SIGNING PARTY/ ART SHOW, SHE AND VEL VEEDA WILL BE SIGNING THE LIMITED EDITION SCREEN PRINT OF THE ADULT FILM STAR. VEL VEEDA WILL ALSO BE DISPLAYING HIS WORKS FROM THE FAMED **'HORNY BIKER SLUTS'** AND **'SHE-MALE TROUBLE'.**

M.F. MAGAZINE WILL BE COVERING THIS EVENT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF M.F. MAGAZINE COMPLETE WITH INTERVIEWS FROM VEL VEEDA AND THE LEGENDARY PORN PRINCESS, SEKA!

SEKA PRINTS ARE AVAILABLE FOR $10.00 Plus $2 Postage SIGNED BY SEKA AND VEL VEEDA
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RANDALL PHILLIP AND HIS EXTERMINATION ZONE MAY BE COMING TO A TOWN NEAR YOU!

A compilation of Randall's 'FUCK' Magazine and then some is now available through Michael Hunt Publishing. EXTERMINATION ZONE is the most shocking, repulsive, repugnant. and sickening book the world has ever seen! Like a plane crash sight! This book is guaranteed to make you SICK TO YOUR STOMACH! Beyond horror, beyond gore, even if you love 'Faces Of Death', EXTERMINATION ZONE will probably kill you!

"Reading it is an act of masochism."
Mike Sula, The Chicago Reader.

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Due to the nature of our business our phone number is apt to change. You never can tell when we will have to go on the run, but our postal box will always be there

information overlord

The following is our attempt at relevance and newsworthiness. If you've got something to tell us, send it to the Overlord at P.O. Box 226, Bensenville, Il. 60106

OLD NEWS / NEW NEWS

VITAL REMAINS HAS BEEN SIGNED TO OSMOSE....COULD THIS BE THE END OF BLACK METAL AS WE KNOW IT? WE ALL KNOW THAT EVERY COPY-CAT LABEL WILL NOW BE SCRAMBLING TO FOLLOW SUIT, LIKE THEY ALWAYS DO.... ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB WILL TOUR WITH DANZIG, I GUESS THIS IS THE START OF "THE NEW AND IMPROVED" DANZIG...AN AGAIN REFORMED KONKHRA WILL HIT MORRISSOUND STUDIO SOON, NEW MEMBERS ARE CHRIS KONTOS ON DRUMS AND GNIST CHRISTENSEN ON BASS...ROB HALFORD HAS JOINED TRENT REZNOR ON THE RANKS OF NOTHING RECORDS, INTERESTING...AUSTRALIA'S MODERN INVASION (WHERE THEY ARE HAVING A HOT, HOT SUMMER RIGHT NOW) WILL SOON BE RELEASING THE NEW DESTROYER 666 AND ABIGAIL 2CD SETS...CRAZY TED IS OUT RECRUITING BANDS FOR THIS FALL'S CHICAGO METAL FEST- THE EXPO OF THE EXTREME! HE MAY BE CALLING YOU!....FEAR OF GOD VOCALIST, DAWN CROSBY RECENTLY PASSED AWAY - MAY SHE FINALLY REST IN PEACE. HOPEFULLY THIS SAD EVENT WON'T BE USED TO AS A MARKETING TOOL BY THEIR LABEL TO SELL RECORDS. THE WORLD DOESN'T NEED ANOTHER KURT COBAIN!...DIEHARD'S DAEMON IS SLATED TO PLAY THIS YEAR'S ROSKILDE FESTIVAL IN DENMARK...SWEDEN'S NEFELHEIM HAS DEPARTED FROM VOCALIST GOAT TO GO IT ALONE WITHOUT HIM...VONDOUR WILL BE RELEASING A MINI-CD WITH A COVER OF ELVIS' 'LOVE ME TENDER'...THE SWANS ARE ON THIER "LAST TOUR EVER" WITH A MERE PAIR OF ORIGINAL MEMBERS...ANTI-SEEN VOCALIST, JEFF AND DEMONIC CHRIST'S DANA DUFFY ARE PLANNING A LOVELY AUTUMN WEDDING, CONGRATULATIONS!!...MICHAEL HUNT PUBLISHING IS CURRENTLY IN NEGITIOATIONS TO MERGE WITH HUSTLER.

SHOULD WE BE CONCERNED•BMG has stopped its funding to Pavement Music, rumor has it that the new Crobar CD will be Pavement's last......Century Media has been forced to lay off several long-time employees- we'll miss you Rayshele! Could this mean more trouble for metal? Strange, when labels like Osmose, DIEHARD, and Necropolis are prospering. Perhaps it's just poor management striking again...Remember Grindcore, combat, etc..

Scrambled Word Contest
Enter to win one of 10 new
Two -Faced Hate CDs,
'New Age Of Power'.
The first 10 people to send in the unscrambled names of these current M.F. Magazine advertisers wins!

SPAHUCHGARI

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WOFDAHCTEATE

No one ever writes about the CDs that are the true gems of our collections, you know what they are, the rare CDs, "the imports", or shhh the bootlegs. I don't know if magazines are afraid to list such CDs, or if they don't really listen to music and only write about what they get for free from the labels. Whichever it is, we plan to change it! The staff here at MF has been polled and the results for "The best recent import/bootleg CD I've bought lately" are these:

1) CORONER 'Death Cult'
2) VAN HALEN 'Dave's Back- Rarest Covers and Demos' ***(can you imagine VH demos?)***
3) MARILYN MANSON 'Dead In Chicago'
4) SKINNY PUPPY 'Intolerance'
5) METALLICA 'Night Of The Rivet Heads'

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHIES

On January 23, 1997 Audie Pitre, bass player for Acid Bath and his parents were killed while driving by a three time drunk driver.

The Pitres are survived by a daughter, and a son Kelley who was injured in the accident. Audie Pitre and his girlfreind were expecting their first child.

Donations may be sent to:

Kermit Pitre Family Fund
C / o Argent Bank
P.O. Box 8, Cut-Off, LA 70345
504 632-5781

Please include a card with your donation.

Acid Bath, Rotten Records, and the Pitre Family greatly appreciate any donations.

Our winner for best CD cover goes to VONDOUR of Sweden.
STAR WARS RULES!
'STRIDSFIRLYSING' RULES!
VONDOUR RULES!
GO BUY THEIR CD!!!

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from Abruptum
& Opthalamia

THE RUMOR MILL

COURTESY OF ED THE CREEP

RUMOR #1- Henry Rollins was on 'Unsolved Mysteries' still agonizing over the unsolved murder of his homosexual lover John Cole.

RUMOR #2 - Performance artist Lydia Lunch has AIDS.

RUMOR #3 - Cartoonist / artist Mike Diana is so desperate for cash, he did a nude spread for a homo mag (Honcho). Please buy his books!

THE AFTERMATH

Chicago's own Aftermath recently spent some time in the courts fighting rapper Dr. Dre for exclusive rights on their name.

It seems Dre's new record company, song and record all bare the name Aftermath, the band felt this would cause confusion for their band.

Though Aftermath was not successful with their suit, they did land a $250,000 record deal from Dre's parent label Interscope. After the name fiasco , the band is now considering a new name to replace the now tainted Aftermath moniker.(Sex with God Movie Star) ???

Who says there's no such thing as justice?

BEWARE - O - MORTALS!

THESE MUPPET MONSTERS MAY BE COMING FOR YOU! IT IS SAID THAT NOT GARLIC, NOR SILVER BULLETS, NOR EVEN TIDE CAN GET THEIR CORPSE PAINT STAINS OUT OF YOUR LAUNDRY! FEAR O SPOOKY SARCOPHAGUS!

A BIT OF CULTURE FOR YOU

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO DO, AND YOU'RE IN THE CHICAGOLAND AREA, CONSIDER A "SAM I AIN'T' PRODUCTION.

THIS SOUTH SUBURBAN ACTING TROUPE RECENTLY PUT ON THEIR OWN VERSION OF THE UPCOMING MOVIE 'SUBURBIA',

A WOULD-BE TYPICAL GENERATION X SAGA, THIS PLAY CLEARLY ILLUSTRATES JUST HOW RIDICULOUS AND ILLOGICAL LIBERAL THINKING IS. AND HOW LIBERALS SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME CONTRADICTING THEMSELVES,

THE CLASHING IDEOLOGY BETWEEN THE CHARACTERS IS THE REAL HIGHLIGHT OF THIS SHOW, BY ACCIDENT I'M SURE. IN A WORLD OF DRAB POLITICAL CORRECTNESS WE NEED MORE DIVERSITY OF THINKING.

'SUBURBIA IS 'SAM I AIN'T PRODUCTION'S FIRST DRAMA, THOUGH A GREAT SHOW, IT IS MY OPINION THAT THEY THEMSELVES COULD HAVE WRITTEN SOMETHING EQUALLY GOOD IF NOT BETTER. THEY ALSO PERFORM MUSICALS, COMEDIES, AND ONE ACT PERFORMANCES.

THEY PERFORM FROM THE TNT COMEDY HOOK AT 172ND AND TORRENCE IN LANSING, IL. YOU CAN REACH THEM AT (708) 841-5783

Mr. X

Mr. X was born in a paradox. The summer of love, but on the south side of Chicago. His earliest memories being of the ***Creature Feature*** and ***Svengoolie Horror Shows.*** The biggest debt, however, is owed to his father, Albert Frank Jr. who has been a lifelong comic book collector.

*"All I know about comics, I learned from my father's collection which ranged from **MAD** to **CREEPY** to **SGT. ROCK**. He'd always have a stack at the dinner table. It bothered the piss out of my mother."*

Mr. X began drawing comics in his spiral binder in the 7th grade, this was in response to an isolation he felt from being surrounded by thugs. An outsider from an early age, he became fascinated with the north-side punks in the early eighties. *"I thought I'd found a family. It was beautiful for a while, but it broke apart around 1988."*

In 1986 Mr. X drew the first ***TAD MARTIN*** Story. It was ***LOVE & ROCKETS*** influenced Science Fiction. Soon the character became an autobiographic mannequin. The stories centering around love gone bad, unrequited love, and surrealistic daydreams.

There were five issues of ***TAD MARTIN***, published by *Caliber Press*, between 1981 and 1993. In 1994 Mr. X moved from *Caliber* to ***Mike Hunt Publications***, whose combined forces produced ***FRANK PHANTOM #1***.

"I'm not an artist, I'm a philosopher, who can draw. All I want to do is say something important every once in a while, and maybe get a laugh. I don't do genre crap.
If Brandon Lee had been making
THE FRANK PHANTOM Movie...
he'd be alive today.

We offer a full line of art from Mr. X. His newest release, a graphic novel titled "Seven Angels Of The Apocalypse', will be released in Ocober 1997. Available now are the comic 'For The Love Of Bjork', an incredible "X Girl" screen print, and he did the art work for the posters and Progrm Guide / CD cover for the 1995 Milwaukee Metal Mania He can be contacted directly at:

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SKULLVIEW

FEBRUARY 22ND 1997 AT CENTRUM HALL

ALL AGES (METALCOHOL FOR THOSE OVER 21 !)

THE GATES OF HELL WILL OPEN AT 6:30 P.M.

CENTRUM HALL

1309 N. ASHLAND AVE. CHICAGO

Here it is 1:00pm Tuesday afternoon and while working my day job as an evil insurance auditor, (no Solitude Aeturnus is not rich enough for me to quit yet) I receive a phone call asking if I would like to do an interview with Man-o-waR! Of course, I quickly said no and hung up. However, with much begging and pleading I decided to take on the task of interviewing the heaviest, loudest, in your face metal band ever. Sent by the Gods themselves to smite the unholy and "all those who play false metal".......I give you Eric Adams (front man) of Man-o-waR.

After a few pleasantries I decided to get right to the job at hand.

RL First off I'm sure everybody wants to know if you will be touring to support your latest release "Louder than Hell".

EA The albums done, we've played some warm-up dates and we are ready to kick some ass. The tour will start in South America. We will probably tour for about 18 months. There will probably be some dates in the U.S. in December. Then we will be heading to Japan in January, then to Korea and Southeast Asia. Afterward, in February and March we're off to Europe. Then who knows after that.

RL What are some of your favorite cities and countries?

EA Germany would have to be one, we have a couple of gold albums out there. Then probably Italy, Spain, and Japan. But one thing I do know is that I am starting to learn more German, I guess that is because we are there so much.

RL What keeps you going after all these years?

EA The fans. We don't listen to record companies. We don't listen to journalists. The only people we listen to are our fans. They are the ones who write us, they are the ones at the shows giving us the energy to perform every night. They are our life blood. I don't know any other band that writes songs just for the fans. (Army of the Immortals, Brothers of metal, etc.). We like being in close contact with the fans. Bringing them up on stage to sing or play is nothing unusual.

RL Do you ever get down and feel like you might be wasting your time?

EA There are times when you get down in this business; you get some bad news, something gets screwed up at the hotel, some promoter screwed up, they didn't sell tickets or didn't advertise. But what always brings us up is picking up a fan letter and reading it. We do read all the letters. Fans were the ones who called us "Kings of Metal" which in turn inspired the album title of the same.

RL Has your life in music been fulfilling?

EA I can't imagine doing anything else. I'm living a dream. I first listened to Ian Gillan sing -- heard him do his screams and I said "Oh man, that's it". I got my own style and said that's what I want to do.

RL On the "Kings of Metal" album there are several references to "The Thirsty Whale" in the credits. What is the connection?

EA We used to hang out there a lot and we ended up recording the song "Kings of Metal" right there at the Thirsty Whale. We decided we were going to do a gig while we were in town (Chicago), we told everybody that we needed them to do the part for "Kings of Metal" -- we rehearsed it, set up the microphones earlier in the day, rehearsed it with the crowd, stopped the show and rehearsed this one section. We said we had mikes all through this place and wanted everyone to shout "Kings of Metal". It worked really good so that's what we used on the album.

RL Are you making a living at what you do?

EA Yeah, this is all we do. But right now it is hunting season so I'm out there with my bow and arrow. (That's the reason I had to schedule my interview so late in the evening. Eric was out hunting that day) We practice in the evenings, Joey (bassist) takes care of the business and this is how I spend my day right now. Music is something I've dreamed of doing and now I'm living it.

RL When touring do you find that you are basically enthusiastic about every show, whether a large turnout or not?

EA When we first started out our first show was in Chicago. We played for 3 people. We played our hearts out. One of the 3 people ended up working for the band. Every minute we're on stage;
it's precious to us.

RL How do you pass the time during those long hours on the bus in between cities and the inevitable wait before the shows?

EA We bring weights on the road to stay in shape. Also, we video tape every show and watch these on the drive. This way we are able to improve on each performance and continually make it better.
Overseas it is different. We try to start the shows around 8:00pm
because of the train schedules. This way people can

SOLITUDE
AETURNUS

see the show then get home. Once I'm in the hotel I usually get up around 10:00am -- workout, shower, eat, and then do interviews for the day.

RL Does any particular literature or writings inspire or compel you?

EA Joey is more the writer. He writes the lyrics. He reads a lot of mythology. The 28 minute song on "Triumph of Steel" (Achilles in 8 parts) was written around the idea of the takeover of the city of Troy. Pleasure Slave was derived from a book Joey read about how the female on a planet were the leaders and it was kind of a satire on that. A lot is inspired by everyday life. The song "Courage" is about believing in yourself, be a leader not a follower.

RL What would you consider your ultimate achievement?

EA To finally play in the states and be recognized in the states as the only heavy metal fucking band that never had the opportunity to open up in front of a bigger act. There are no other bands out there that have been around for 16 years and have never opened a show for anybody. We ask everybody when we play the states and everyone is afraid to let us open the show. So Fuck 'Em!!!

RL What do you think of today's music scene?

EA The problem is that MTV dictates to everyone what it is they are supposed to like. Over in Europe though, it's a fuckin' laugh. Because alternative music is alternative music, that's it. I'm not knocking it, because there's a market for every type of music. But don't try to fucking tell me that metal is alternative music. This bullshit about metal is dead, let me tell you something, as long as Man-o-waR is on the road metal ain't dead!!!!!!!!!

Now that you've had all your questions answered by the man himself, don't forget to buy the new CD "Louder than Hell" (it gets my personal recommendation) and watch for them on the road in the near future because I'm sure they're gonna "blow your speakers".

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This is not a Photo of KENNY G

NAZIS
GROW THE
FUCK UP

Hi, my name is Danny Lilker
from the band
Brutal Truth

We have refused to do an interview with this magazine and we would like to tell you why.

It's there continued affiliation with RESISTANCE RECORDS, a known White Power record label. Yes, we have been given the chance to voice our opinion on the subject in this herE publication. But fair is fair. We do not believe that RESISTANCE RECORDS should have the same Free speech as we do, so we have taken our own rights away.

I mean, MIKE HUNT has even offered to let us debate RESISTANCE RECORDS But we are holding our ground! It's not that our politically correct stance is just a fashion statement. We have a lot to say (usually about doing drugs) Just not here, and we definitly would not want to say it to their face we will keep it behind their backs

BOYCOTT M.F.MAGAZINE
BOYCOTT
RESISTANCE RECORDS

SMOKE LOTS OF POT

And remember that this is not a photo of ***KENNY G***

Pretty stringent views from a guy who played on S.O.D.'s Speak English or Die

FESTIVALS OF THE WORLD

The following is a list of music / metal festivals world wide. As more information becomes available we will try to cover every single festival in the world today. If you know of any we have missed, or if you are planning an event and would like us to mention it , please contact us at Ph. (773) 927-5008 or Email at MetalMAG @ aol.com.

The World Series Of Metal, Cleveland, Ohio - August 2 thru 4,1996 This was the first of a new annual event. This is *THE* new event, it has all the energy and organization Milwaukee used to have. If you're looking for a summer metal event in the States, *this is the one!* Though attendance was a bit low the first year (something I'm sure won't be a problem this time), the bands and audience were very satisfied with the event. Top bills were Bruce Dickinson, Anal Cunt, Pro-Pain, The Misfits, Anthrax, Stuck Mojo, Life Of Agony, and Cannibal Corpse. For info call M.F. Mag.at (773) 927-5008.

Central Ill- Noise Music Fest - August 31, 1996 - This is another first annual event, look for the indepth coverage of this event in this magazine by Craig Rowe. Centered in Bloomington, IL it was hosted by Hot Stove, and included about 15 bands all toll.

Sloppypalooza - No info at press time, all we know is, it's around Indianapolis in August. This year bands included Sloppy Seconds, Anti-Seen, and The Murder Junkies. If you went give us a call!

The Expo of the Extreme - Chicago, IL - October 1997 - The event of the future. 'Two Days For The Damned' will set a new precedent for American music festivals. It will also contain a convention of extreme culture, with magazines, retailers, labels, artists and organizations present. This event will catapult the concept of a festival into the next century! We are now aligning the most shocking, rocking, and unbelievable acts from the underground to perform. For info call (773) 927-5008.

Michigan Death Fest - This fest is usually "touch and go", the last version of this event was held in Knoxville, Tennessee under the moniker 'The International Metal Fest'. "Metal Mom" will be supplying us with more information as it becomes available.

Milwaukee Metal Mania - July 27-28,1996 - This year's event brought with it Carnivore, record low attendance, a label boycott, and according to fans and bands alike, a rather disappointing experience. Year ten is reviewed in Metal Maniacs, "I can remember a time when the Milwaukee Metal Fest was worth the hassle of traveling...", but it..."has hit rock bottom in every way and needs to be... terminated".
So when are you saps going to wise up! If you Believe them again this year, I've have a nice piece of land down in florida I'll sell you cheap.

F Music Fest - Burbank, CA - Oct. 2-5, 1996 - This year the Foundations forum expanded to become a city-wide music festival. Though considered more of an industry event it is mentioned here because even though it is not fan oriented it is still pertinent.

AND THEN OVER IN EUROPE WHERE THE BIG FESTIVALS ARE . .

Courtesy of Shan Siva

Castle Donnington, U.K. - August 17 - This festival born back in 1980, has since grown into an event of 90,000+ attendees. This year's co-headliners were Kiss and Ozzy, with Fear factory, Biohazard, and a 3 member Sepultura. "Donnington remains the only true metalfest in the UK.and yet, still difficult to assemble line ups cos they keep running out of headlining acts. This is because there is a huge gap between 'god level' bands like Kiss, Metallica, etc., and the Sepulturas, etc. Sepultura can sell out a UK tour,..and yet many of those people can't be bothered to make a once a year trip to see them, plus a load of other bands. Part of the problem is this sub-genre mentality, i.e. if you're into death metal, how can you like mainstream, hardcore, etc.? Fuck it man! This is why Punk died - it simply imploded." -Shan Siva. Info: Aimcarve•p.o.box 123, 16 Birmingham Rd., Walsall WS1 2Na, England

Pinkpop Festival, Netherlands - May 25 -27 1996 - This was the 27th year for the Landgraaf, Holland event. It boasts a wide variety of rock music on two stages. This year featured Sepultura, Life of Agony, The Butthole Surfers, Rage Against The Machine, Rancid, Alanis Morisette, and Bush? Go figure. There is also a tent for dance events which I assume, is something like a large rave. Attendance is approximately 70,000, there is a camping site for the 30,000 3-day ticket holders.

Roskilde Festival, Denmark - June 27 -30, 1996 - This four day event is in it's 26th year. This eight stage event is put on by volunteers as a way to raise money for humanitarian, charitable, and cultural organizations world-wide. "Roskilde... prefers to live long with high standards and quality rather than live short with profit maximizing". 80,000 attendees come from all over the world to see over 150 acts, including 2500 media personnel. In 1998, the festival will also be celebrating the town of Roskilde's 1000th birthday! Info call +45.42.36.66.13, fax +45 46 32 14 99, internet: http://www.Roskilde-Festival.dk/

Dynamo Open Air, Eindhoven, Netherlands. - May 24-26,1996 - (Also, see Shan Siva's "Wot my mates and I did at Dynamo", M.F. Mag, this issue.) This ten year old fest attracts over 100,000 visitors, it includes two festivaldays, a campingfestival, and a skatefestival. This year's event included Venom, Slayer, Neurosis, Pro-pain, Gorefest and CIV. "I rate Dynamo as THE Eurometal fest bar none: value for money; people having fun (at Donnington there is a lot of missile throwing - I've seen bad head injuries); and there is something for every rocker/ metalhead/ earthdog, etc." -Shan SIva.

A Campingflight to Lowlands Paradise, Holland - August 23 -25, 1996 What a *campingflight* is, we do not know? The fourth annual event sold out 25,000 tickets, the price included camping and bus. Acts included Ice-T, Madball, Bjork, Korn, Social Distortion, Soul Coughing, Gorefest, and Downset.

The Dour Festival, Belgium - July 11 -14, 1996 - The 8th festival of it's kind, this year it presented about 110 bands and DJ's on four stages. Some of the entertainment was The Exploited, Ministry, Coolio, Madball, Biohazard, Iggy Pop, Sugar Ray, Molest, Terrorvision, and The Jesus Lizard. For info call +32.65.63.26.59.

Torhout / Werchter, Belgium - July 5-6, and July 6-7, 1996. "This is bizarre - why the fuck would you want to see a load of bands and then see them again 24 hours later?....I can see the logic in a country as vast as the U.S., but Belgium?!?!" asks Shan Siva. General line-up is rock with some metal, Sepultura, Rage Against The Machine, Cypress Hill, David Bowie, Mazzy Star, Red Hot Chili Peppers, etc. For info call +32.9.243.77.77.

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" Chicago Metal Inquisition "

At the beginning there was chaos . . . and when the Almighty was finished fucking everything up Satan created Heavy Metal so that people could thunderously mock the Almighty! Isn't this wonderful that what is usually considered holy and adored is an object of attack with intention to destroy and pound until leveled with the ground by a bunch of long haired heavy metal maniacs, absorbed with hatred for all that is holy and beautiful!

Yes, we are treated as if we were the outlaws,[arent we?] No it is we, Heavy Metallers that chose to separate from the others, worthless occupants of this planet created by the holy one and Jesus, his retarded son.

Day by day our troops are spreading, such as wonderfully prospering Norway and there is also Greece, or the rapidly growing mighty Australia and lets not forget Sweden.All of which assure and remind us that we are not just Satan's bastards but his army!Therefore, we cannot omit the somewhat rusted USA. However, they are again raising their horned heads! Forgotten yet strong foundations of American heavy metal such as **Possessed, Exodus**, **Slayer** amd **Nasty Savage** allowed us not to forget the American scene completely. While later bands demolished American status worldwide.

Thankfully, a new generation has been born, established on traditions of European bands yet displaying this continent's a characteristic killer heavy sound that once before brought the metal world to its knees! This article's intention is to write about the new USA scene and the drenched with hatred people that compose this merciless music. These are not typical Americans, [most Americans are born pacifists but we will not waste paper on them] We want to write about the true worshipers of darkness without a God in their heart. They dwell in the central part of USA, namely Chicago.

Earlier this US region presented to us bands such as **Abomination, Macabre** or **Master**, As this article unfolds you will be able to read about **Cianide** that likewise was born in this area. Currently however we will concentrate on a band whose name can be associated with the almighty Celtic Frost that is **Usurper** *"Yes, enormous inspiration for us is Celtic Frost* " answered vocalist D.Slaughter to the question "What inspired Usurper to be what they are." **Usurper** until now has recorded a very successful demo "Visions from the Gods" and a debut album "Diabolosis" that they are very pleased with. *"Heavy Metal is what Usurper is all about"* -replied Scythe and D.Slaughter, they are typical representations of metalheads in US, *"Heavy Metal is a way of life for us. Not just a music form. We are pretty much losers and freaks by society standards. We honestly play music we want to hear to please no body but ourselves!"*

Just now **Usurper** recorded their new material that will be released by **Necropolis Records** as a MCD, titled the "Threshold of Usurper" it will appear for sale sometime in 1997.Next,**Usurper** will go into the studio by the end of 1996 or at the beginning of the 1997.However before this occurs be on the watch out for a surprise prepared by **Usurper** together with an absolutely underground label, **RIP Music**.

Probably the darkest label in all US decided to release" **Diabolosis"** as a 12" vinyl. This release will be unusual since this material will be somewhat different from the CD, in addition this 12" will be issued in 666 copies consisting of the band's poster and gatefold cover.The following 12" releases will contain no poster and have a regular sleevecover. This limited 666 copies release is for the true collector of Heavy Metal! I reckon I was able to familiarize you withUsurpers current activities and henceforth intentions. In the finale what would **Usurper** desire to say to their European fans -*"We are dying to tour Europe. In our opinion the euro-metal scene is the ultimate. I guarantee we are going to steal your souls*(In words of Paul Baloff)*You guys are fucking awesome!"* Therefore all of you in Europe prepare yourself for the **Usurper** (Chicago, US) onslaught. Compassion these guys do not know!

Usurper is not the only one who is cut off from the frequent occurring trends in the Heavy Metal scene, *"I think the black metal scene became really stupid, a lot of people that used to play death metal are now playing Black Metal .I think black metal has become more trendy then Death Metal ever was! "* -these are the words of Ben from **Lordes Werre**, another representative of the Chicago metal scene. What sort of music they play - *"I would say Thrash"* answered Rob guitars and vocals in **Lordes Werre**. *"I would say fast played Raw Metal, modern mix of Thrash and Heavy Metal!"* - continued Rob and Ben.

The band came into being not long ago,[in 1992]. In spite of being a young band they have already accomplished two positions "The Dark Ascension" a two-song demo and "Canticles of Armageddon" MCD.What is the plan for the future **"***An album, eight song album,* " -answers Rob**.***"I want to do few shows in Chicago and wherever else its possible. By the way, a big show with Usurper is being planned which is going to make people afraid to walk the streets ever again*" -continued Ben**.**

They hope to tour Europe, especially Germany, Holland and Poland. So be prepared! **Lordes Werre** is a rare band for whom an attitude or saying absurd slogans that lead to completely nothing is unimportant. They are only concern with their music. They believe that it is the music that should determine which band will or will not deserve to be recognized!

There are also the trends created by the 12-year-olds kids that have no idea as far as the music is concern and hide their faces behind makeup, thunderously preaching the Black Metal slogans. Countlessly a band does not succeed within a current trend so they try to alternate accordingly to the new trendy scene. **Lordes Werre** does not want to be associated with any trends they are just simply metal heads and they play heavy metal *"Buy Lordes Werre if you like fast played raw heavy metal"*- concludes Ben and Rob**.**

These guys are metal heads to the bone, as all the bands are that are covered in this article. They all play original music and are ready to demolish anyone who is not absorbed in composing music but more trends!

Same opinion has another band from Chicago, **Scepter**! We will remember their first demo throughout the history of metal *" Up Thy Ass- has put Scepter on the metal map"* -said John, **Scepter**'s vocals and bass *"The freaks of the wasteland crave pure fuckin Metal and Scepter delivers the goods"*-continuous John.His brutal machine, Scepter is everything a Heavy Metal band should be. Heavy rhythmic riffs together with rhythmic drums manifest music that vanquishes everybody and everything! **"**Metal Supremacy " is band's new release which has appeared recently as a MCD . *"Our future desires are quite simple: An album, a tour and to be remembered as a band that kicked*

Founders of " Chicago Metal Inquisition " assault Heavy Metal World with two acts of violence and total destruction !
All lunatics infected with the spirit of old style Metal will now have their feast !
Goals of our bands are simple - cause you whiplash, aching neck and bloodlust !

Usurper
Diabolosis - LP

Usurper
Diabolosis

Gatefold album of the U.S. most promising band ! New killer artwork, poster, lyrics and heavier more devastating sound makes this one a must for everyone !

Prices : $ 17.00 - (U S A)
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Canticles Of Armageddon

LORDES WERRE
Canticles Of Armageddon - MCD

Two Dark Knights of the ruthless King have finally arrived with five new songs to drill the skulls of all headbanging alcoholics !

Prices : $ 12.00 - (U S A)
$ 14.00 - (WORLD)

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RIP music

Note : Only cash and death is real !

ass!!"- explains John as to the plans of the band. Scepter is not interested in the current scene at all " The current metal scene is no interest to Scepter.

SCEPTER

The whole "true" movement of the last five years totally prostituted my favorite bands and memories!" -bitterly continuous John -*"Any fool with a Hellhammer shirt is true today, so what the fuck! The old ways were special because only the most sick fucks were involved! "*

Incredibly he is not the only malevolent personality I talked to since Im about to talk to Tom from aggressively habituated **Aufgabe**. The band represents these bands that kindle from nowhere shocking us and abruptly disappear in the utter hell only to emerge once more. Their first demo "The Crusaders" has low quality recording yet something allowed us to notice their music, that Devil created himself. *"The Crusaders is the way it should be. Raw and ugly!"* - explains Tom His attitude and appearance reflect upon his words. He is a typical metal head and it is not easy entering into a conversation with him, *"I don't give a fuck what people say about Aufgabe. At least we are original and most bands are not. We are pure metal so fuck all you fucking pussies. Fuck-off home metalers! Come on face the truth, most of the latest bands are imbeciles with painted faces and wigs!"* - these insults Tom sends to all who get on his nerves and their gay bands.

Aufgabe

This guy is a metal psycho whose goal is to destroy everything that is not pure Heavy Metal but only imitation! Asked if he would like to say something in conclusion, *"Aufgabe is currently working on the new demo material. Im aiming to hit the metal hearts of metal maniacs. If you won't like it, it will*

mean that you are gay!" - concludes Tom and tells me to go and fuck off and as it is fit for a metal head I strike back with the same words and depart. **Aufgabe** is a permanent remnant in the Chicago scene and soon he will treat us with another bloodshedding release.

Next representation of the Chicago scene is **Pazuzu**, a black metal outfit formed by Tony at the end of 1991.This is a Norwegian style black metal. Their demo **"**Trendkill" they distributed themselves. When asked what bands inspire them, *"(Ger.)Poison, Pentagram, Obsessed, Black Death and many others"* - answers Warren the vocals in **Pazuzu**. Next **Pazuzu** plans to release a new demo, and what about concerts, *" A live aspect is now being planed for sometime soon"* -replied Warren.

Their inspirations *"Strong hatred for the Christianity system, the only good about Christianity is their violent history*"-concludes Warren.We are all curious to listen to the upcoming **Pazuzu**, any last words Warren , *" Thanks and beer guzzling to all for the interview*" .

With these words we are concluding our conversation with **Pazuzu**, another band that strengthens our Chicago scene. Their last demo "**Infernal Iron Legion**"- is getting great reviews in many metal magz worldwide. We suggest any one who likes old style black and speed metal should not wait but pick up a copy while they last.For the end I have saved one of the biggest Chicago bands that we have mentioned earlier namely **Cianide**. This band is an appreciated element of the Chicago scene. Presently, together with **Usurper** and **Scepter**, **Cianide** is one of the strongest foundations of this scene. Mike and Scott are inseparable duet that form this giant, metal called **Cianide**. About **Cianides'** plans we had a chance to ask during their practice *" The future of Cianide is playing and sticking to the same"*- answers Scott *"Recording a new album and playing as many gigs as we can! To provide the world the power of Cianide"* - continuous Scott. As everyone **Cianide** is also tired of what is happening now days to the Metal scene worldwide. We have to realize that these guys have been involved in this music for at least 15 years now! This is reassuring us that their opinions concerning this subject are tremendously authentic *" The real bands stick around and play what they started out playing and the trendy fucks keep changing their style to try to keep up with whatever is the cool style of the moment* "-pissed off they continue-, Same shit as always happens.

As I have already mentioned a gloomy label, **RIP Music** emerged in Chicago .Their deepest desire is to unite all mention above bands under one black flag of Satan .**RIP Music** is striving to realize the dreams of the bands here mentioned and to organize tours.

All these formations are united under the shield of **Chicago Metal Inquisition**. RIP Music is trying to bring back the old colors of blackness to Heavy Metal. Remember that baggy pants, braided hair. Etc., are not attributes of Metal. A metal freak wears tight jeans and a black leather; usually a drunk long haired maniac, enchained with steel, a knife in his pocket and a beer in his hand. We will bring it back!

We trust that with **RIP Musics**' assistance and with gathered by them **Metal Inquisition** the good old days of Metal will be once more! Meaning the return of vinyls, poster s and the long forgotten tours, good music preformed by metal maniacs on the stage. We are all fed up compositions done by the computer at home! Heavy Metal is guitars, drums and a maniac brutally screaming glorious blasphemies between his puking interruptions.

At this point we would like to conclude our feuilleton whose purpose was to illustrate what really Heavy Metal music is about; the art forgotten yet strongly continued in this part of the world by people we tried to familiarize you with. For all further information one should write to:

RIP Music.
PO Box 41182,
Chicago Illinois 60641
(indicating Metal Inquisition)

Let Satan lead you thru the path of Heavy

DIEHARD

with a vengeance

DIEHARD/Progress of Denmark is one of the greatest and most imporant undergournd labels existing today. Built up from a magazine this company is responsible for some of the best and most diverse acts to ever be recorded, and more astonishingly, to ever be housed under one roof. Their artists run the gamut from hardcore to the heaviest metal to industrial and rap (Denmark rappers? yes!).

The bands such as DOMINUS, TREND, SPITINK DEVILS, CYBORG, DAEMION, KONKRHA, and GOAT form an intricate lattice-work of diversity while still sharing the important elements like quality, dedication, and aggression. Had I the time, I would have interviewed every single band on this label, as all are deserving of the highest attention.

No matter where your interests in music, if you want quality, originality, and a taste of the true underground DIEHARD is there! This realization left me only one recourse, to hunt down the man responsible and find out just what makes him tick....

What convinced you to start your own label?
Myself and a bunch of friends continued in this fucked up music industry after several bands split up and after the death of our magazine 'PROGRESS MAGAZINE'. From '89 to '92 we built our dream on a non-existing movement movement in the underground: the tattoo/music scene, now- many years later- it exists! Get the point here? Combining the love for brutal tattoo-art with brutal music is "nothing new" today. But back then we were the first ones to "discover" artists like Guy Aitchison, Henning Jorgensen, Brian Everet, Tom-Tattoo, Ralf, etc. etc. -We featured bands like (unsigned) Biohazard, Leeway, Cro-Mags, Agnostic Front, Sepultura, etc. etc. talking about their skin-art! -Today you see this everywhere, and you see tons of tattoo magazines writing about underground music, and music magazines writing about tattoos! Well (to cut this short), with a print run of 10,000 copies spread worldwide, and an english-written (quality) magazine we had to face the fact and deal with bikers and oldschool people in the tattoo industry that had a lot of complaints and didn't like the way we expanded. So instead of a bullet in the head we stopped the magazine and started a label! Sounds weird??? Well, I guess we were a few years ahead of our time, today it's a fact that the "new" generation comes from a totally independent scene, and you can actually live your life "with tattoos", you can be part of a tattoo scene, a life style ect. etc. without being a biker!!! Hm... From what we learned back then, and from all the music industry contacts it was no problem at all to establish a label. Today, when looking back, I'm happy that we stopped the magazine and continued as a label. We gained a lot of respect from that, and we have lots of (powerful) friends, both in the music industry and among old school/new age tattooists (and bikers)! "Keep your friends close, but keep your enemies closer!"

How did you get involved with PAVEMENT MUSIC?
Well, we met PAVEMENT in France (Midem/Cannes - a music industry fair like Foundaitons Forum, Popkomm, etc.) but we actually know both Mark and Lorraine from the "old days". But I surely don't know if we are going to continue working with them, they seem to have some financial problems at the moment, which is of course a pain in the butt. Anyway, they've been doing good on our "Topical '96 releases" especially (of course) on KONKHRA.

Your bands really run the gamut of musical styles (i.e. TREND, GORAT, DOMINUS). What is your criterial to sign a band?
Hmm... Difficult question here. We just take whatever we think is a cool band. We try not to carry too many Danish bands, and we're definitely looking for more hardcore bands for the future. Normally, if we sign a band the deal is long term, which means at least 3 albums for 4 years. A license-release depends on the label from which we license. In general we try to avoid jumping the trend wagon, I mean for the moment Black Metal is very trendy, but we don't sign Black Metal bands (GOAT is a joke in case you didn't know!). I respect the few "real" BM bands, the rest of 'em suck (even if they sell 100,000 copies worldwide!), also I really hate the neo-nazi BM bands, I don't wanna support such crap! Oldschool (death) metal stuff like OPRESSOR, INIQUITY, and DOMINUS is what I like, and being a punk-kid myself ages ago, I'm happy to see that hardcore/punk is coming up again, check out albums from SPITINK DEVILS, SOLID and BARCODE!

What is your advice to a young band submitting materials to you in hopes of bing signed?
Are we taling in-house signing here? If yes, okay lets see... let me give you 3 points of advice: 1) A sharp and COOL band

photo, I'm sorry to say this but 50% of a band's concept is the looks! - Let me be more precise; A band that has an honest, powerful, normal-life street -look has a chance here. No wimps, poser or idiots. 2) An interesting musical approach - combined with an interesting/well-written bio. 3) VERY IMPORTANT, we don't need promo CD's, bands don't have to make promo CD's, it's too expensive for you all, don't do it. A tape/cassette is fine, BUT for god's sake write the name of your band on the COVER and ON THE TAPE, we get approximately 100 demos a month here, and after a few months I throw away at least 20% of all demos because there's no name on the fucking tapes!!!! What can I do??? Imagine 40 black tapes with no names on 'em, it sucks!!! And it sucks bad, REALLY bad!!!!

Have you ever been to the states, ans what do you feel are the differences between Europeans and Americans?

Yes, many times, especially the Eastcoast. But I've been in L.A. a couple of times as well. I have the artwork of 40 tattoo artists on my body, and half of my tattoos were done by U.S. artist like PAUL BOOTH, CORY MILLER, BABY RAY, GREG JAMES, MIKE KEDGER, ELIA, etc.

I think there's a big difference in the mentality between N,Y, citizens and L.A. citizens, and another thing; a lot of Europeans think they know a lot about America, but it's way different when you've experienced "God's Own Country" yourself.

Most Europeans are better educated, but we're all pussies over here. Americans are more realistic about certain things and maybe smarter business-wise. Europeans are often too naive, and get ripped off by Americans that don't give a fuck about being gentlemen, it's kinda wierd, especially when you think of the fact that most of you (especially East Coast Americans) "used to be" Europeans after all.

What is the difference between DIEHARD and Progress?

Actually there's not a big difference! Except for two things: 1) We work under the official name "DIEHARD" but use the main label Progress and sub-label RRS. We've become an international record label, with quite a few license/distribution deals for the world wide territory, therefore the "worldwide" name. 2) A dick-head in Norway used the same name (Progress Records) and he wouldn't either sell the name or stop calling his label 'Progress'. So we decided to keep a low profile for a few years, the low profile is what you see now. Anyway, under DIEHARD we have a few more in-house labels and a lot of foreign labels. So basically we're exploiting the network we've built up over the years.

What was the biggest selling release you've ever had?

Biggest and most known band on DIEHARD is without doubt KONKHRA. And now with Chris Kontos on the drums Morrisound scheduled for March with Scott Burns, the upcoming '97 Euro-festivals and new vidz, etc. everything sure looks great!!!

Do you feel Metal is making a comeback? Or did it's popularity ever wane in Europe as it did in the U.S?

To tell the truth I really dunno! But there will always be a scene for brutal music, and some music was meant to stay underground, just don't ask me what kind! I do have an impression that "Metal" is coming back, but basically because everyting goes in circles!

What are your top 5 favorite records ever released?

CRO-MAGS - 'Age If Quarrel'
SLAYER - 'Reign In Blood'
CRASS - 'The Feeding of the 5000'
METALLICA - 'Master of Puppets'
RANCID - 'Out Come The...'

What do you see as the future of DIEHARD?

The Future??? Well, just keep on expanding, improving, developing, and staying true to our musical roots, never compromise, etc. We also hope to open up a tattoo studio next to our record shop, but that's a future goal, and we're not exactly in a rush! We would love to open up a U.S. office one day, could be cool in New York, but we have to see what the future brings.

NAME: Hans Andreas Gregers Christian Ludvigsen
AGE: 30 (just turned 30 on 11-11-96)
CHILDREN: nope
PETS: nope
OWN OR RENT YOUR HOME: rent my home
DO YOU OWN A CAR? WHAT KIND?: a '87 Toyota Stationcar (sucks!)
HOBBIES: tattoos, tattooing, tattoo-art, tattoo-books
BEST BOOK YOU'VE READ LATELY: Sidartha (Herman Hesse)
BEST MOVIE YOU'VE SEEN LATELY: Seven Deadly Sins

I must admit that GOAT is a terribly intimidating person to interview, even over a fax machine, and my intimidation is sorely apparent. I was so nervous, I faxed him the wrong list of questions, leaving several asked twice, so I suppose I deserved the abuse I got from the "rock star". The following interview is in its entirety, sans my repeat questions. Though some of this was a bit uncomfortable to transcribe, I decided the whole interview was more important than my bruised ego, and embarrassment. With or without the harsh attitude, on first impression, I thought GOAT'S 'SACRED PILGRIM' was great, a sort of norwegien black metal MENTORS or G.G.
Having alway seen Europeans as refined and intelligent I find GOAT an intriging contradiction...

For those who do not know, what is GOAT?
GOAT is GOD, GOD is BLOOD, BLOOD is DEAD, DEAD is GONE.

I heard you once recited excerpts from THE SATANIC BIBLE as a performance, do you consider yourself a Satanist?
Well either or, it all depends on the situation, last time I performed I made GWAR look like a bunch of wimps!
What do you think of bands that start off-shot religions of THE CHURCH OF SATAN, for example PSYCHIC TV or CURRENT 93?
I hate them, but they are much more fun than faggot bands like DEICIDE, IMMORTAL, or CRADLE OF FILTH.
Where did you find your band members?
What do you mean? where do you find your readers? In the pit? Skid row? Dirt-bag, shit -head!
I get the feeling you are rather anti-social, why?
'Cos I hate everything commercial, and my penis envy is far bigger than the ego of (R.I.P) G.G. ALLIN!
Will you ever tour the states?
NOWAY, I hate the food on airplanes!
What do you feel is responsible for your eccentricities?
Sorry, I don't understand the word "eccentricities", but apart from that half of the question is quite cool, so here's half an answer: No, I don't think so because...
Are you racist?
No man, but I hate people with weird hats and everything that stinks like vomit and shit (and urine).
What is your nation of origin?
I am half Danish and half German, my line up on 'SACRED PILGRIM' was semi-German although GOAT was a one piece at that time!
Do you listen to your own music?
No, I think the CD sucks!
Do you watch much TV or video?
No, I don't watch TV/movies.
What kind of music do you listen to, who are your favorite bands?
NOT GOAT, GOAT sucks and my friend beat me up all the time. I like ILLDISPOSED a lot, but I heard they split, I also like old VENOM, SODOM, JUDAS, and CELTIC. I don't listen to the radio.
What are your favorite movies?
Would you like to suck my dick and eat my dog's pussy? I would film it and jerk off watching your little red ass going up and down. Ask a more intelligent question! What are your favorite movies? Doggy-style ? No style? I get the feeling your questions are out of order.. *(see what I mean...)*
Why do you think there are so many stupid people in the world?
Stupidity: well ask yourself, you're the one with the little prick aren't you?
Have you ever practiced sex magick?
No, I don't practice safe sex!
Who has had the greatest affect on your life?
My dad, (the only true answer in this interview) - He's in jail though, but he's way cool.
What do you want the future of GOAT to be?
Well, I don't expect much. Do a few more CDs and live shit. Offend other people, shock myself, eat crappy food with losers, serve with left hand and play it safe all the way...
What is your opinion of America?
America Sucks!

DAEMON

The supergroup formed by members of KONKHRA and ENTOMBED finally released their long awaited premiere 'SEVEN DEADLY SINS' late last year. The CD pays homage of sorts to the recent film 'SEVEN'. The songs form a conceptual masterpeice each titiled after a deadly sin - sloth, greed, envy, pride, etc.

Anders Lundemark, guitar/vocalist for DAEMON and KONKHRA kindly agreed to entertain my questions recently and here are his responses...

You must have been really impressed with SEVEN? Why?
Actually I think it's O.K., and it impressed me above average than the typical movie. It wasn't the reason why we did the album, a concept similar to that of the movie just came in handy. You see the seven deadly sins was all appropriate songtiltes, and with the titles ready the lyrics kinda wrote themselves.

What was your favorite sin in the movie? Why?
I can't tell you a favorite sin....I don't really see them that way, but I guess that "envy" was a real powerful sin for the movie concept.

What other films have had a strong effect on you?
Well, I am a total movie fanatic, I collect them, and my all time favorites are stuff like the Godfather trilogy, the new Dracula, good westerns, all kinds of old and new shit, even some of the new Danish movies are great.

What other movies did you sample on the CD?
We took samples from The Name Of The Rose, Pulp Fiction" and also Seven...

Have you ever seen 'Santa Sangre', El Topo', or 'The Holy Mountain'?
Maybe, I can't remember the titles though..

Will DAEMON tour at all?
No, I don't think so, we'll tops play a few festivals, maybe Roskilde '97. We don't have time for touring since our main bands take up a lot of time...

Is DAEMON a side project, or the end of KONKHRA?
DAEMON is definately not the end of KONKHRA, it's just three fools having a good time..

Are sloth, greed, pride, envy, lust, wrath, and gluttony really sins or the meaning of life?
That depends on how you see it, maybe the biggest sin of all is taking "Next best" for anything but what it is.

Did you have any religious upbringing? What about now, what are your beliefs?
No, I believe in myself.

Who are your idols? Who do you hate?
I am a fan of different things, but I try not to hate anything, BUT R.E.M. and the Cranberries just make me SICK!

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"WoT My MaTes AND

The following is a true account of actual happenings that took place on May 24, 25 and 26, 1996. This detailed report comes from Agent Shan Siva. These events were carfully documented by Agent Siva, no names have not been changed to protect anyone.

After a grueling 12 hour coach trip leaving from London at midnight on Friday morning (some people from the North of England and Scotland had a 24 hour trip!), which included a typical Brit piss up on the Ferry and then more mayhem at a French cash and carry booze warehouse, we arrived in Eindhoven, the home of the Dynamo (*pronounced DeeNamMow*) at midday Friday afternoon! The city is just a standard boring Continental, one with a University, one sex shop, no red light area, but loads of pubs and bars. Eindhoven's 'tourist office' is a small portable cabin next to the bus terminal. The city is located near the German border, which may explain why 70% of the 100,000 audience (which also represents the percentage of campers) are Krauts. They just drive on over the border, just like their grandads did in 1941!

The origins of Dynamo date back to the Dynamo Club, from back around 1981, located in Eindhoven city. I also believe the club is associated with an organization know as (or is also known as) 'Aaardschok', Dutch for earthquake. 'Aaardschok' was, and still is, a Dutch magazine which then did 'festivals' called 'Aaardschokdag' (earthquake day?), very similar to Milwaukee Metalfest, but much smaller in scale. The most famous of these was in 1983 where **Venom** headlined and **Metallica** supported. It is from these early origins that the links between Venom and the Dutch grew. Other bands that had the Holland connection were **Raven** and **Accept** (part of the Power Metal sub genre of the time). The reason for this is that the Dutch audiences (unlike their UK counterparts at the time) were ravenous for heavier bands, and being open minded were prepared to consider new styles, etc. The irony with Holland and Belgium is that, until recent death metal bands, they never really produced any worthy acts of their own. The irony for bands who were gods in Holland, like Venom and Raven, was that they could not break their home markets. Anyway, from their humble club, Dynamo began to hold their own 'festivals' in their car park (perhaps in association with 'Aaardschok', because, as far as I can tell, there were no more 'Aaardschokdags'), with bands like **Death Angel** and **Testament** playing. The rest is history .

'Nuff of the history lesson, back to 1996! Trying to get to the festival site, which is located about 5 miles from the city, on the grounds of Eindhoven airport (seriously man, some gliders almost hit the top of the stage) was hopeless, as everyone was using the free bus service to get there. We went off drinking and then got up midway thru

I DiD AT DYNAMO"

Skrew's set. The bands on Friday played outside the main site in the camping area. They used the stage which later would be used for the SkateFest that was also taking place. There was a mini-carnival, stalls discos, playing different types of metal, bungee jumping (do NOT try after eating hash cakes) quad bike racing, and loads of drug dealers. Left after **Anathmea** cause we needed sleep bad.

We were staying at a hotel in Eindhoven, and it proved to be the best choice because on Saturday it rained and rained, and poured and pissed down. Non-stop cold, fucking rain, with no sunshine and a cold breeze. Most people stuck it out until the end of **White Devil**, by which time, we were soaked. Other people had already sought refuge in the huge marquees that were holding the discos. We came back for **Voivod** after slamming in knee deep mud.

And then, **Shelter** came on; I was moved man. Ray said, *"listen, I just wanna say that **Shelter** is a life band, and not a death band"*. Then it happened. What? The rain stopped, and slowly but surely, the sun came out. *Amazing*. Things got better when we found out that **Rob Halford** wasn't playing but **Sacred Reich** was. Surf Nicaragua in the mud!! The core (who had bravely stayed indoors *"but we don't like metal..."*) came out during **Pennywise's** set. Most people started drifting back for **The Gathering** (Dutch metal) and **Savatage** brought back 80's Power Metal memories - they are still going strong good to say.

Gorefest drew the largest crowd which is not surprising because they have headlined Dynamo previously. I have to say, that most people left after their set. I think most people considered **Venom** out of place. Cool - fuck off. For those who stayed, it was like a private party straight from '83. *"Ladies and Gentlemen,, welcome to hell...Venom"*. Black fookin Metal (as Conrad/Cronos says it, "Geordie style"). The German biker next to me summed it all up; a beer cup in each hand, his dick hanging out of his jeans, hopping on one leg, singing hoarsely *"Cooountesss Baaathory !!! yeaaargaah!!!"*

I have seen **Venom** twice in the UK in the 80's and there was nothing different. The same grunts, bombs, attitude. A fucking timecapsule! LAY DOWN YOUR SOULS TO THE GODS ROCK AND ROLL. **Venom** finished at around 3:00 am on Sunday morning at which point we realized we'd missed the last bus back to town by about 2 hours. Managed to hijack a taxi (despite begging and later threatening the Dutch police, they still wouldn't take us in!) back to Eindhoven. But alas, the night was still young and so we adjourned to the 'Big Ben' bar. Painted black on the inside (so if you lose your wallet you're fucked), stuffed with more drunk people getting drunker to metallic sounds played at Mach 10 volume, it is the headbangers club. In fact, most of the clubs around there were playing rock (probably caus they couldn't compete with 'Big Ben's' speakers). They also serve mean brews. Do NOT confuse the hospitable 'Big

Ben' with the local biker bar ("Club members only or death by Harley") across the street. Crashed out into a pizza at 5a.m.

Sunday 10 a.m. Wake up !!! Getting rest on Friday night was a good idea. Saturday whacked out most people, those people that actually managed to find their right tent/hotel - fuck knows where the rest ended up! Got up to the site to survey the wreckage. Yeah !!!! FUCK THE LA RIOTS, THIS IS REAL CARNAGE! It had rained again in the night. As the free toilets had long overflowed, and the eco-friendly mentality had long faded, (thanks for the inspiration **Hatley** and **White Devil**... you are the only ones that makes me feel this way), the familiar smell of teen spirit permeated. There was garbage everywhere, and where once grass stood, the site was now skinheaded. Nirvana it was NOT! Got the familiar horror stories of tents collapsing, people having to make life or death struggles in the rain (and failing), and where was the guy in the **Madball** tee shirt who we hadn't seen since Friday at the hotel? Did he ever actually make up the site???!!! I Couldn't resist asking the Hardcore what they thought of **Venom**: - "Well, er, there was this huge body builder in fucking DMs, strutting around, going 'HELL FUCKING YEAH'!". *What? You baldies actually stayed for Venom?! I thought you'd have pissed off after **Pennywise**!* Cue huge cup fight (when we ran out of cups we lobbed chunks of turf at each other).

Gary Meskill's **ProPain** and **CIV** (oh shit more baldies!) were really the only ones worth mentioning. **Drain** were ok too. **Osdorp Posse** were different: rap + death metal. OH NO! DID I SAY DEATH METAL? Oh shit, here comes the rain again. This time it didn't stop, and it began to get heavier as if building up to meet **Slayer**. There was a near riot when **Metallica,** or members of it, did not turn up and instead we had to put with a radio interview with Lars telling us *how grateful and appreciative **Metallica** was of the support over the years etc.* - FUCK YOU! AND THIS IS HOW YOU SHOW IT ???!!! **Slayer** drew the largest audience next to **Gorefest** for the Fest, and to their credit, actually entertained a well pissed off (and pissed on) crowd. Cheers. Soaked once more, we piled back onto the coaches (where was the guy in the **Madball** tee shirt?!), and began the gruelling journey back home. Luckily, I slept all the way to Calais and missed the fight between the guy who wanted to play **Marduk** and someone else who wanted to play 108, Threw up on the ferry (what happened to the fucking stabilizers, guys?). God,, you should have seen the customs guy's faces at Dover: Confronted at 4:00 a.m. by 6 coach loads of pissed, smelly, muddied (and for those that got into fights, bloodied) meatalheads. *"Yes sir, can I help you?" "Fuck me Jesus!!"* Graveyard shift-yeah!

On the way back, our coach broke down, but along came a multicolored bus. Are you serious? Was it the hash? Was I really still at Dynamo? No, it was a German! He graciously offered to take the 8 of us to London (I'll find out what happened to the Scots and Northerners next year). The coach had been booked for a group of (very rich) American kids obviously doing a tour of Europe. The last thing I remember was explaining to their teacher about what metal was....

Agent Siva will be reporting on further instances of metal and chaos in upcoming issues.

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THAT WAS WHEN I WAS 11, NOW THAT I M A GROWN WOMAN MY FAVORITE BANDS ARE DESTROYER 666, VONDOUR, THE NEFILIM, AND CYBORG.

MY HOBBIES ARE GOING TO CONCERTS, DANCING, TRAVELLING, AND - I M SURE YOU CAN GUESS THE LAST, AND MY FAVORITE ONE. FURTHERMORE, I AM NOT OPPOSED TO BEASTIALITY, AS I HAVE KISSED THE GOAT S ARSE FOR MY DARK LORD!

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THE TV MINISTRY PRESENTS...

FROM OUR SCREEN TO YOURS

We in the TV Ministry have been doing as much ritual video viewing as possible for this new column, so we can bring you the latest and most up to the minute video sermon possible. This time our most memorable flick picks and pans were....

Fargo - Just watching this movie will make you cold! It takes place in rural, and very wintry, Minnesota. A car salesman hires a couple of not-so-bright-bandits to kidnap his wife. Nothing personal, but her father is wealthy, and he needs some cash for an investment. Needless to say everything goes wrong, and a lot of people get dead-o.

Enter the chief of police for Brainard, MN, who searches out the bandits and solves the case. Which climaxes to a rather gruesome wood chipper scene. This movie is supposedly based on a true story, and it was very upsetting to Rev. Shane that they never explained what happened to the $1 million that bad bandit #1 buried in the snow somewhere. Moral of this movie - don't ever marry a car salesman!

Leaving Las Vegas - This was the worst, most god-awful, lousy, shitty movie ever!!! It is so bad that I'd say it rivals 'Forrest Gump' as the absolute worst picture ever to be made. It is the kind of movie that makes vomiting seem like a good time!! I personally could not wait for the moronic Nicholas Cage to die. DIE, DIE NICHOLAS CAGE DIE!!! I used to think he was a good actor, now I may never be able to see another Nicholas Cage movie ever again. If you like this film, perhaps you too should go die in Las Vegas!!!

Angels and Insects - Okay, this movie was rented under the false pretense that the people in it would turn into insects. When we started to watch it I became skeptical as to just how this 1800's period piece was going to turn into 'The Fly'.

Well, it didn't. Instead, it was a weird, twisted tale of a insect scientist who marries into this strange family. He and his wife keep having baby after baby, until... he finds out that the children are not his but his WIFE AND HER BROTHER'S! Yes, my lambs, it was a bizarre incest movie, not bad really, if you're into that sort of thing, just very, very strange.

The Grave - A classic-style suspense movie about a lost fortune. With Craig Sheffer (the Pope's favorite actor), and Anthony Michael Hall. No real gore, but it does keep you on the edge of your seat. Don't watch it alone.

The Addiction - If you are one of those romantic vampire wantabes then you should see this movie! It stars Lily Taylor, with a cameo by Christopher Walken. It's about a junkie, vampire, philosophy graduate student in New York City, and her tale of blood lust. It's a black and white job, from the writer/director of 'The Bad Lieutenant', so you know it's got to be good!

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"THE GOSPEL OF CHICAGO"

IN ALL THE WORLD NO BOOK LIKE THIS!

MIGHT IS RIGHT

or The Survival of the Fittest, by Ragnar Redbeard, LL. D.

This Adv. was reproduced from the Chicago Tribune, Nov. 12, 1905, p. 5.

This is a pitiless and appalling book by an author of extraordinary virility and rugged primeval force, whose sense perceptions border on the supernatural.

Ten years ago private typewritten copies of this startling work sold in London and Berlin for $150.

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belt. Shoot some. Cut some throats."

"I read where you use a bar-b-que sauce when you eat those kids. Is that true?"

"Yeah, I have my own recipe."

"Tell me how you cook a young boy or girl."

"After the fucking then you strip them naked and hang them upside down by the ankles; then slit their throat with a knife, slit the belly and take out the guts, the liver, the heart. Cut off the head. Let the blood drain."

"Do you have a big fire?"

"A pit. A bar-b-que pit. Charcoal so there ain't much smoke. Take down the body, put the metal spit through them. Put it into the asshole, through the body and out the neck, wire the meat to the spit, put it on the spit-holder over the coals. Damn tasty."

"Just how does a little boy bar-b-que taste,Ottis?"

"Same as a roasted piglet. Boys and girls taste about the same when you roast them 8 to 10 years old. The flavor is a shade different when they're teenagers. The boys are gamier than the girls. Give me the roasted meat of a boy age 14 and a girl age 14 and I can tell the difference when you use a spicy sauce."

"Ever kill teenagers?"

"Sure. Get a pair of lovers parking in the woods. Easy to catch them. Teenagers make a nice roast, I do favor a rump roast from a teen. Younger ones I think I prefer the ribs. Juicy. Tasty. You ought to try some."

"You're a sick fucker! Anyone ever told you that?"

"Sure. Plenty have told me. I got off death row because they said I'm too sick to burn on the electric chair. Nobody came around to try to cure me. They give me some pill. People eat pigs, cows, horses. I like to eat people. It's good meat, too. You ain't tried it , don't be saying it ain't tasty. You might like it."

"How many people have you killed and eaten?"

"Just me killing them alone or the ones I killed and ate with Henry?"

"You were doing this with Henry Lucas, too?"

"Yeah, we'd mostly eat hitch hikers."

"All together how many do you think?"

"Oh, probably about 150 or so."

"Incredible! And the police never caught you?"

"Ain't no police out in the woods."

"Henry Lucas says now thathe didn't kill all those people, that he was making it all up. What do you say about that?"

"We killed over 200 when we was roaming the country together. Maybe he killed more before he met me or after we split. I'd say around 200 for sure, I got over 100 my own self. Henry said he got about 400 all together, I don't know for sure. I really don't."

"Do you recall any memorable killings?"

"Oh yeah, I remember Shelly."

"Shelly, is that a boy or a girl?"

"A young woman about 20 or 25, around there."

"What do you remember?"

"I got her when she was hitch hiking in Colorado. I had me an old pick-up truck. I picked her up, took her up into the Rocky Mountains and killed her. She was naked when I killed her. A pretty one. It was the summertime in 1974 and what was funny is that the police blamed the killing on Ted Bundy but Ted didn't get that one, I got her."

"Ever hear of anyone else being blamed for killings you did?"

"Yeah. I got me a Chinese girl out by Colorado Springs in 1974; cut her throat and she had a friend and I stabbed her up, too. The cop got a guy named Estep for that case but I did it. Cops don't always get the right person."

"Kill anyone else in Colrado?"

"Oh yeah, I remember a girl. Ellen, late twenties or early thirties in age, I got her down by Pueblo, Colorado, we rode east. I shot that one, shot her through the head."

"Did you fuck them?"

"Sometimes. I fucked them the way I fuck a boy. Make them take it up the ass. I ain't into pussy but a girl's asshole is about the same as a man's."

"Did you eat Patty?"

"No. Not her. I shot her; didn't eat her or cut off a hunk to eat later. Just left her lying dead."

"Were you involved with a Death Cult then?"

"No, not then. That was around 1974. I joined the cult in the 1980's, early 80's. I was in it with Henry."

"Tell me about about it."

"It was THE HAND OF DEATH. We were working for that cult and we'd grab little kids for the human sacrifices, grab young women for the snuff movies. We'd tie the women up and haul them to Mexico in the car trunk. The cops don't check cars going into Mexico, only the ones that come out of there. I liked working for THE HAND OF DEATH. They'd let me have the corpes when they were done with the films or sacrifices and I could take a prime cut. We got most of those people from Texas since it's near the border with Mexico. There were several Death Cults down there. I heard that a few years ago the police busted one near Matamoros. That wasn't THE HAND OF DEATH, it was a different one."

"What's a human sacrifice like?"

"Secret rituals, I can't reveal it to anyone."

"Generally. Tell me generally."

"Put them on the alter and cut their throat; then make a burnt offering to the Devil. Like that generally."

"Who? Women? Kids?"

"Virgins were preferred. Girls of teenage years."

"Virgin sacrifice?"

"Yeah, slit the throat, collect the blood in a goblet, pass it around and drink it hot. Do chants. It's secret stuff. You aren't supposed to reveal it. They make you take an oath for secrecy."

"You drank human blood from a cup?"

"Yeah, it's in the ritual."

"What's it taste like?"

"Kinda salty. Not so good. I like cooked meat. I didn't mind eating the cooked parts."

"Is eating human flesh part of the rituals?"

"Sometimes."

"What parts are ritually eaten?"

"Well, I'm not allowed to tell about it."

"Just tell a little."

"We had a ritual where we ate sex parts."

"Tell about that."

"The women parts were the titty nipples and the hole where the dick goes in."

"The vagina."

"I guess. It's like a little bag of muscle."

"You'd cut out their cunts?"

"Whatever it's called. A sex part. A hole the woman has."

"What about the males?"

"Cut off the peter, cut off the balls."

"You fry it all up?"

"No, it's put in like a little stewpot. The guy who cooks it makes it like a soup or stew. It's a secret recipe from about a thousand years ago."

"Taste good?"

"Not bad. The part of the woman around the pussy hole is like lips. Sort of chewy and rubbery. The balls are damned good when fried. Use a little batter and a fryer and it's a real treat. Crispy. Like a crispy chestnut. Fresh fried balls is one of my favorites."

"What's eating the sex parts supposed to do for you?"

"Gives you increased sexual potency. Powers."

"Right. You believe that?"

"I don't know. I prefer to eat the ribs actually but I go along with what's being served at the ceremonies."

"Where was this wierd shit going down, Ottis?"

"Mexico, a ranch down there."

"And these were all virgins you ate and cut up?"

"I don't know. Me and Henry would drive up to Texas and collect women. Girls. We'd just catch those we come upon."

"Tell me about that part."

"Certain times of the year the priests wanted virgins for the human sacrifices. They'd say to me and Henry to go up to Texas and collect some. We'd drive on up. Get girls hitch hiking, pick up vans at bars, there are a lot of women just walking down the road in South Texas. Migrant workers. We'd get them, tie them up, gag them, put them in the trunk. We fill the trunk, 6 or 8 girls, then go back to Mexico. Down at the ranch the priests check them for virgins."

"How did they check?"

"Took down their pants and looked at that hole. The hole is smaller on virgins. Something about that hole, I'm not into women. The priests took the virgins to one building and the non-virgins went to where they made snuff films."

"Ever see any of these films being made?"

"Yeah."

"What did you see?"

"A political movie about Paris, France, in the old days. They had a machine that cut off a womans head."

"A guillotine?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"Tell about it."

"The woman is strapped to a board. Her neck is locked in between a thing, her head is sticking out of a hole on the board. A big knife drops and cuts off her head. The head falls into a basket."

"You watched?"

"Yeah, it was interesting. Her name was Charlotte."

"You knew her name?"

"Her movie name, I guess. She was political. Broke some law, so they cut off her head. Blood squirted all over the place. It was an old timey execution."

"Did you sacrifice any virgins?"

"No, never did. Preists did all that."

"You saw it?"

"Oh sure, we all saw it."

"What did you see? Tell how a virgin is sacrificed."

"The high priest is dressed in a goat costume. He stands behind the virgin. She's chained belly down to the sacrificial block with her buttocks raised and spread. There is a second high priest who has the knife. They do the chants, ceremonies, the secret things I can't tell about. Then the priest in front pulls the virgins head back by her hair and puts the knife against her throat. The one behind her steps up and puts his dick into her sex hole and when she screams the preist in front slits her throat. It's all secret rites."

"How many virgins are sacrificed?"

"The main ceremony, once a year calls for 13 virgins. That's the big ritual. Usually it's only one virgin."

"Do you really expect me to believe you saw 13 virgins sacrificed at one time? There aren't even 13 virgins left in America. Give me a fucking break, Ottis!"

"It's not all at once. One at a time, all night long because each ceremony takes about half an hour except the first ceremony, at sundown and the last, at sunrise which is about an hour. The first one is a black girl, she is sacrificed to the prince of darkness at the exact moment of sundown. During the night virgins are sacrificed to specific demons. Those virgins are usually Latinas. The last virgin, the 13th, is sacrificed to Lucifer, Son of the Morning; always a blond girl is used and her throat os cut at sunrise. She's called the Sun Princess. She has two slavegirl attendants who are sacraficed with her, they go with her into the Heart of the Sun."

"Ottis, you're crazy!"

"The year I first saw the Ceremonies the Sun Princess was a teenage girl, a white-blond from Houston. Her cult name was "Taireina" which is "Morning Star". The year I saw it the Sun Princess was an American, so was the black girl, the others were Latinas. I saw the rituals. THE HANDS OF DEATH are a most secret cult; I've alredy said too much!"

"You and Lucas were involved in this shit?"

"Yeah, but Henry wants to deny everything now because he's trying to avoid being executed. I'm too crazy for execution so I can tell you how it really was. Henry killed a lot of people. I know, I was there. I helped him do the murders."

"We're running out of time, Ottis. Do you have any particularly fond memories of your days together with Henry Lucas? He's the one they made the movie about, not you. He's famous, you're a nobody. A prison faggot. What's your last word?"

"Henry is going to be executed but I'll be alive surrounded by cute fuck-boys. I have everything I want in prison Except I miss the freedom to drive down the highway robbing and killing from town to town. That's excitement at its best and miss being able to bar-b-que a boy when I get the urge. I did like to bar-b-que. You can write in your story tat anyone who wants to write me and get a recipe for my home made sauce, I'll send it free. Just send a few stamps for the reply letter. That's all honey."

America's Most Wanted host rips bungling cops after son's murder suspect dies in jail…

My last chance for justice died too!

TV crimebuster John Walsh is outraged that cops have made the biggest blunder yet in the 15-year hunt to track down the monster who abducted and killed his son Adam.

The America's Most Wanted host blasted Hollywood, Fla., detectives after hearing they let the main suspect, serial killer Ottis Elwood Toole, die without trying to get a deathbed confession from him.

"I'm heartbroken," Walsh, 49, told GLOBE. "The police missed the last gasp chance to solve this case. This is devastating news.

"We knew Toole had AIDS and begged cops to let us interview him."

Walsh says an expert who trains FBI agents to hunt serial killers offered his help in getting Toole to admit he killed 6-year-old Adam in 1981, after the convict snatched the boy from his mom Reve at a shopping mall.

"He said if he could spend four days with Toole, he could get him to confess," says Walsh. "We're heartbroken no one talked to Toole."

Incredibly, Toole was dead 10 days before Walsh even found out. He learned the shocking news that the killer took his secrets to his grave – not from cops – but from a tip to America's Most Wanted that came just hours after the cancelled series was revived by Fox.

Homicide detectives – already under fire for allegedly losing vital evidence such as Toole's 1971 Cadillac, bloody carpet scraps and trace amounts of blood found on a machete – have admitted to GLOBE they didn't even know Toole was sick.

AMERICA'S MO
WANTED

Devastated John Walsh: Serial killer Ottis Toole's death means his son Adam's murder may never be solved

And they didn't find out he died at the North Florida Reception Center in Lake Butler while serving five life sentences for arson murders, until they were told by a Most Wanted staffer.

Says department spokesman Stephanie Norris: "Had we known Toole was gravely ill, we would've tried to get a deathbed confession."

But despite this shocking blunder, Walsh says he is consoled by one thought: "At least Toole will never hurt any children again."

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Central Ill Noise Music Fest

Written by Craig Rowe with Emotional Support from Mike Lehmann

Located between many a corn fields is the fine small city of Bloomington, IL. On August 31st, The Lafayette Club, set across from the exquisite eatery TACO JOHN'S, hosted the first Central Ill - Noise Music Fest. The splendid young fellows from HOT STOVE did a magnificent job arranging this day of metal. The sickness that day was performed by DON'T CARE, DEADEN, HOT STOVE, GLUTTON, LUNATIC, SARCOPHAGY, NUM SKULL, HEMDALE, DROGHEDA, MORTICITE, JUNGLE ROT, FLESHGRIND, DYING FETUS, MY OWN VICTIM, and OPPRESSOR.

The show started bright and early at 11:00 am with DON'T CARE, so I can't say much about them. Next up was DEADEN, an Illinois based band. It's too that there weren't too many people there at that point, because DEADEN were a good solid death/grind band. Following DEADEN were the generous hosts of the evening, HOT STOVE. These guys ruled! Really cool death metal from Illinois. Illinois seems to really contain a lot of good death metal bands. Ensuing HOT STOVE was GLUTTON. They were a bit different from the other bands this day, which was good. This drummer played like he was on crack and kept knocking stands over. Another good band. Next up was LUNATIC, but in all honesty we were feasting up on TACO JOHN'S chicken fajitas and tator tots. Damn, now that's good eatin'!! Following the ever so scrumptious dining, SARCOPHAGY found their way on to the stage. They were really great death metal. They seemed quite professional, and played with total conviction.

The crowd, now starting to fill the large club, seemed to enjoy SARCOPHAGY as well. NUM SKULL did a lovely job at following SARCOPHAGY. The vocals for NUM SKULL were probably the highlight. Then, my band HEMDALE, hopped on the stage. Since I'm in the band, it's hard to be unbiased, so I'll take the opportunity to throw in a cheap plug. We have a split CD with EXHUMED available, and also one with EXIT-13. This summer our 7" EP and MCD will be available on Relapse. Write for information, P.O. Box 1142 Mentor, Ohio 44061-1142.

Next, the big boys of DROGHEDA spewed forth their sewage grind. They're a nutty bunch of fellows, and have a sound all there own. They have a split CD with the next band to follow them, MORTICITE. They're an Ohio based grind band, and sounded a bit like GROINCHURN from South Africa: straight forward grind. The next band seemed like they may have been lost and stumbled off of a beach volleyball court. Shirtless, with sunglasses and all, JUNGLE ROT hit the stage. The vocals were a lot like unleashed, and people seemed to get into them, despite their rock stardom image. The last bands of the night, FLESHGRIND, DYING FETUS, and my own victim all played strong sets. In all honesty, I don't remember too much about each band, but they did play really well, and everyone reacted really well to each band. We were there for the whole show except for OPPRESSOR. They weren't there for any of the other bands, but they live only an hour away, and I thought that was a bit shitty.

HOT STOVE did a really good job of setting up this day of metal. There is talk of making this an annual event, and I hope it does. The turn out was pretty good, but hopefully next year will bring in a larger bunch of hoodlums. This show supported only underground bands, and you didn't have to pay to play or sell tickets to be a part of this show, wink wink, Milwhaty? Thanks to HOT STOVE for making this show possible, and doing it so competently!

This was sent to us by Marilyn Manson.

This letter is hand written by the man himself, and includes a bit of his artwork.

He promised to do an interview, but considering he's on the cover of every magazine in America right now. Do we really need to read anything else from this over rated Freak?

That is unless he come's out and admits he's been doing Trent Reznor.

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MARILYN MANSON

To WHOM it may CONform:

we are YOUR SHIT. YOU should Be ashamed of what you have eaten. I AM WRiting on Behalf of my Band, who has adopted my nameSake as a mockery of your fixation with the grandiose "stars" that litter your television screens daily. I am the "All American" anti-christ bathed in talk show-TRASH, here to help hysterical housewives wallow in their own suffering. I have predicted the past. I am the accuser.

Marilyn MansoN is the HARVEST of thrown away Kids, AND America is now afRAid to Reap what it has sown.

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"SO I HEAR YOU'RE WRITING A BOOK ABOUT GG..."

Or: The Truth Is Kind Of Important When You're Destroying Rock'n'roll

by Joe Coughlin

The article that follows is the complete and unmodified story as it was written by Joe Coughlin. It contains both part one and two of the G.G. Allin story.

It is due to the strong dissatisfaction of the author about the way his article was edited that we are rerunning it in it's entirety. This is the way the writer had planned for the article to be used, our apologies to Mr. Coughlin for our insensitivity in this matter.

Part 1 and 2 will be marked so if you have already read part 1, as it appeared in M.F. magazine 1, you may skip directly to part 2. -the editor.

It started with the best intentions, but more on that later. As a wide-eyed, then-suburban spudboy, I'd kept loose tabs on GG Allin's, uh, career since the late '70's via fanzines and Boston college radio, always dismissing it as hype ("baddest-ass rocker ever!"). Early tunes with his Jabbers had celebrated excess in brash, studly, snotty-pop terms, then things got weird fast. Soon, GG was bragging about how much he jerked off, about all the panties he sniffed, or how bad he'd been hurt on the last road trip. Although based in New Hampshire, he could no longer get gigs in the entire Northeast. His record covers and letters to local rags revealed a desperate, low-rent swagger, and a taunt: if you think you hate me now, just wait. He went through musicians like Kleenex, and insisted that his rock'n'roll was the purest, that we didn't get it. And like so many great self-aggrandizers, he couldn't spell for shit. He wouldn't go away, and that much I admired. The more he annoyed people, especially punks, the more I wanted to know.

"SO I HEAR YOU'RE WRITING

I don't think I even heard his music until 1988, when "Expose Yourself To Kids" became a love-it-or-leave-it staple on the station out of MIT. People were calling & requesting that it not be played...like, ever. I found the song, and the uproar, priceless. It was classic, mid-tempo punk with droll, mock-Beach Boys backing vocals behind the chorus. It rocked---and disturbed---with conviction, and GG's performance raised genuine chills. Of course, the party line quickly became, "He can't be serious..."

Let's fuck some kids---they can't say no / molest them now before they grow
Threaten them with oral sex / expose yourself to incest / 'cause it's
[chorus:]
Alright to expose yourself to kids / do it now, before they grow up & it's too late
Find an elementary school at recess time / pull your pecker in front of them & masturbate

Suck a little hairless crack / hold 'em down, they can't fight back [laughter]
Watch 'em scream, and cry with fear / fuckin' cunt, don't tell nobody dear

Say I'm a pervert, it's OK---hey / candy, little girl? Walk my way, ya fuckin' bitch
Child abuse is on my mind / little fuckin' kids I'm soon to find

I didn't think he was serious, not about this, but he did have a serious gift. I hadn't seen seasoned rock fans so polarized since the New York Dolls. The irony was all the more precious, since GG was easily (deliberately?) the least articulate figure in the music's history. This guy made Jim Dandy Mangrum look like Michael Stipe. Where the best acts always weed out the lightweights, where even the hardest hardcore offered wisdom or a hint of salvation, GG's public image was simply: Asshole. Long overdue for rock'n'roll, I reckoned, but his loudest rhetoric was yet to come.

That year, an outskirt Boston club called Green Street Station had the good business sense to book GG's first local shows in about five years, with the early one for all ages. A lengthy piece in the leftish weekly Phoenix essentially plugged it as a Gallagher show ("bring your raincoats!"). Talk was that GG, even by his standards, was really losing it. Clowntime was over. There would be trouble. I was psyched.

I got there just in time. It was a summer Sunday afternoon, and the doors hadn't opened yet. The first thing I noticed was the kids. Not one of these little Mansonites would crack a grin; no one was here to have "fun." What few words they said were just versions of "GG's fuckin' *God*, man," otherwise they just sat there and simmered. The manager was a friend, so I was allowed to walk in the back door. "The show's off," he said right away, "someone pissed on some furniture during the sound check, so I told 'em to go fuck themselves." He was aware that no one outside was planning to leave, and was calling the cops. "Better me than the neighbors," he figured.

The band and their stuff were still onstage. GG's brother Merle and a few friends were waiting inside. I knew Merle peripherally from the so-called scene. I ducked back out and saw GG, sallow and stymied, rallying the kids to bumrush the place. Something about,
"They won't gimme a fuckin' microphone, but I can just go around & yell the lyrics at everyone."

I went back in the other way & pretty soon, the front door flew open. Of all the days I should've had a camera...GG went right to the stage, and the kids surrounded it. He yelled out that the club sucked, and the band kicked in. He hit the floor and started bashing his face into it when the cops got there. Two of them got onstage and just *watched* him squirm at their feet. They motioned to the band to stop, which went ignored. Then GG rolled onto his back, whipped it out and yanked it like Turkish Taffy, bucking his hips up at them. The cops cracked up at each other and did nothing. Suddenly, more cops: the ones onstage were needed outside. A bunch of kids followed. I watched from a neutral spot down the block. There were paddy wagons galore, and anyone who didn't start walking was thrown into one. A few kids tried to argue about "free speech" before getting cuffed. When it was over, all I knew was that GG had gotten away.

Not long after, he left for Chicago. There was a steady (for him) string of dates in the Midwest which were legend. GG was on a death trip for real. Few could believe that the handsome wiseguy had become this putrid alcoholic, that slinky ditties like "Cheri Love Affair" had become dirges of despair like "My Bloody Mutilation." He now spoke of his mission: to destroy rock'n'roll and rebuild it in his name, to bring the danger back & return it to the true extremists. During a show in early '89, GG announced his plan to someday kill himself on stage. A lot of people on both sides couldn't wait.

A BOOK ABOUT GG..."

* * *

Cut to 1992. GG has dropped from obscurity into prison. I'd stayed in touch with Merle, who now lived in New York and had joined the band on bass. GG has done time, toured the states with them, been arrested for a show & sent back in. During a visit to his home, Merle shows me an astounding photo scrapbook of tour events---astounding for how little it has to do with music: clubs looking like bombs had gone off, faces in crowds either terrified or furious, and backstage scenes of women pissing all over GG, who's constantly bleeding from his now-shaven head. Merle looks entirely comfy, if not bored, with the whole thing. Page after page of this madness goes by, when one shot really grabs me. A black-eyed, passed-out GG is slumped in a chair; a thirty-ish man is on his knees sucking GG's dick, flipping the camera the bird. Merle goes to turn the page. "Wait a second," I ask him, "what's goin' on here?"

"Oh, *that* fuckin' guy," he drawls, "we hate him." Deadpan. I know right then I'm gonna end up involved somehow. Merle yawns out a marvelous tale of the dicksucker's slavish fan tactics and ultimate humiliation by the band which has me in hysterics. "You wanna see a show?" He pops in a tape. "This is a pretty good one." I see another drab dump of a club, another joyless bunch ringing the stage. A countoff, and the band plods into a fairly ominous riff. GG emerges in just boots, gloves, studded dog collar, a pitiless scowl and a shitload of long, ruddy scars. He's real fucked up and real pissed off---Punkenstein---but focused. Prison appears to have bolstered his resolve. The crowd visibly tenses at the sight of him, and suddenly it's not so funny anymore. If only we'd listened to him all those years ago, I wonder, maybe this wouldn't have happened. It's an older song of his, I'd later learn, but the lyrics are perfect for what's about to happen:

Well, you want me---to KISS YOUR ASS!

The voice is from hell. GG hops off the stage, scrambles to the left, swings and **BOWM!** cracks some fucker square in the face with the microphone. The guy's neck snaps back and he crumples to the floor. Stunned, his friends drag him away...

Well, bend over buddy, here comes my foot!

GG's twisting & spazzing all over the place as the crowd presses itself tight against the back wall. Strangers are clutching each other for safety. One lone guy is "singing" along, one lone chick gyrating on all fours atop a half-wall...

I don't need that cry-ass shit!

Somewhere in all this, he takes a swipe & drags a girl by the hair to the front of the stage. She flails, then goes limp like a marionette. People are stuffing themselves through the exit like the Three Stooges. You can actually hear screams over the music...

Temper's rising, take a fit!

He dumps her ass on the floor, straddles her head from behind, she buckles at the waist. He sticks out his chest and glares in pride and revulsion at ***them***. Someone runs over, shoves him off her, pulls her away. GG goes after him, punching and kicking. The band is on top of it & joins in the chorus:

Bite it---you scum!
Bite it---you scum!
Bite it---you scum!
Bite it---you scum!

GG owns the place. The hype, it turns out, was true all along. This is war...

Well, you want me---to CON-TRI-BUTE!

He turns his back to them and squats. They seem to've been expecting it...

All I got is what's for you

He pumps out a chain of dark, runny turds, spins up & around, drops to his knees...

All you want---is more and more

They pray he's not gonna do it, but everyone knows he will...

Gluttony---you pig, you whore

He feasts from the pile, spits mouthfuls at the crowd, barking out the chorus between bites. The room is choking on its own dread. Then, of all things, a fucking ***guitar solo***. GG scoops his poop, takes a whiff, grunts, drops the mike & smears his face with both hands, down his chest, around his cock, runs back into the crowd, bangs his head against the wall a couple times. Just before the third verse, the room all but empty now, he finds the mike:

One day when your end is near
I'll be laughing at your fear
One day when there'll be no one
Who'll be fuckin' up my fun?

There's another chorus, GG rolling in glass and shit, some bottles and furniture thrown at the few remaining gawkers, and a big, empty feeling. Two or three people applaud. Merle tells the band to start something called "Cunt Sucking Cannibal" as GG smashes his own skull with the mike, his face still caked with the brown stuff. The song takes off, & GG roars, *"I'm a filthy fuckin' animal...my body stinks...I ain't got no teeth...I live alone in a dive..."* He hoists up into the ceiling fixtures and tries to yank them out before falling on his back. He pulls a girl in a red leather mini onto the floor and jams his head up her crotch. She pushes his face and breaks away; he rips the ass off her fishnet hose and leaves her staring at her shit-covered palms. At

Continued on next page

one point, GG tries to crack a whiskey bottle on his noggin. He's laid up on a bench at the end, bellowing, "*I seen all the people leave the room...what the **FUCK**?!*"

It goes on like this. He intros the next song, "Kill The Police," but the PA is shut down before the first verse is through. He throws himself into convulsions on the floor, accompanied by a drum roll, and they're outta there. Total time: about seven minutes. A jump in the tape shows the cops weren't far behind. One fan is still yelling out GG's name while a bouncer denies everything to some very angry officers. The footage moves outside to a flabbergasted crowd. The way they talk, you'd think some of them even stuck around to see what happened. I ask Merle if GG got away again that night. "Oh, yeah," he mutters. And the shows are all like this now? "Pretty much. Sometimes we get to finish the set."

Then he handed me a black binder, about an inch thick. "This is something he's been working on in prison, says it's his life story." Indeed it was, in the third person (from which he often spoke), with quotes in the first, and starting at Day One. On the surface, it looked pretty thorough. There were dates, towns, the lonely log-cabin childhood, tales of his fucked-up old man & being outcast through school, addresses of all the rooming houses, the day jobs, recording sessions, long-lost band members' names, outrageous incidents at parties & in dressing rooms, onstage blowjobs, and an everyday Russian roulette that underpinned his fate. Who knew that GG's actual given name was Jesus Christ Allin? That alone said plenty. I couldn't believe it. It was all there, it seemed, but the writing itself, which was pretty hokey. I asked Merle why no one was doing anything with this. "No one wants to," he said. "One guy tried & said Fuck It."

I begged him to convince GG to give me a shot, to let me do a treatment on any ten pages and see what he thought. I'd done a newsletter & various shitrag reviews & figured I had a clue. I had it all planned out: I'd do it on the computers at work, take his calls from prison to compare notes, and track down all those names for interviews. I could finish in a year if we were

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just embellishing established facts. Merle hears a lot of shit, so it naturally took some prodding, but soon the ten pages arrived. I fleshed 'em out to about 30 and mailed it to GG. He called collect that weekend & said, "You got the job." Merle would deliver the complete diaries on an upcoming swing through Boston, and I was to start immediately. I got hold of every record & video I could.

* * *

He was fairly cooperative at first, for someone with nothing else to do. He sent lots of sensational mail, bizarre drawings, and suggestions for titles nearly a paragraph long, never once spelling my name right. It took him a while to accept that I wasn't out to make money off him. The more we talked, the more he toned down his standard PR-bits, and soon he was calling just to shoot the shit. More and more, he made me laugh, long and hard. To this day, I swear he had no idea how funny he was. (Ditto Merle, who also doesn't spell my name right, but he's another story.) I stayed at work 'til 11:00 most nights for the next ten months & even came in on weekends to write. I firmly believed (and still do) that this had huge crossover potential, that average jerks could be moved to care about GG Allin. The tremendous documentary film "HATED," which opened during his jail time, proved it with stellar reviews & held-over runs.

The story grew more amazing each day, & I sank all my dough into a home PC. Any one facet of his life (the drugs, the women, the personal hardship, the music) was easily a book on its own. It was no idle boast when he said he lived ten years to our one. But antics aside, the bottom line really *was* music. Every song, and there were dozens, told a true story or heartfelt belief. Virtually all the post-Jabbers stuff was about pain, mostly self-inflicted; as he'd later say, "I put myself through tragedy every day, so I can face it when it hits me." There was no stopping these songs from coming out. Despite what his many detractors like to think, GG was a legitimate artist, maybe more so than most. I was honored he would share so much with me.

On the downside, he wouldn't bring our work to the phone: reams of notes would go unchecked, causing several major snags. He also wouldn't discuss certain songs there, like "No Room For Nigger," for obvious reasons. And he refused to talk about prison itself, preferring to handle the story chronologically. He grew more concerned with the *number* of pages I had & not what was on them. I'd sometimes play his own music to him over the phone to verify a lyric & he'd say, "I have no idea what the fuck I'm saying there." Fewer & fewer things added up. The mail slowed to almost nothing, & he assumed my research alone could fill all the holes. I knew he couldn't completely trust me, and I understood that. But the biggest disappointment was when he started suggesting I wing it, when the accuracy ceased to matter. March, the end of his stint, was near, and he promised to devote all his free time to our project. I had to believe. He just wanted out; who could blame him?

I was surprised, then, to be one of the first people he called when he walked. He was thrilled to be eating McDonald's, for chrissake, and I was happy for him. After fucking around a bit,

Continued on next page

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he'd be off to New York to record his next album. The band had music, and he'd had lyrics, ready to go. Of course, they'd also tour, starting in May. When I got the dates, I made plans to finally see them in Atlanta, their third stop. I'd wait to see if GG got arrested before making further plans. I sent him a dictaphone to use on the long rides between shows. This would be a crucial chapter and phone calls wouldn't cover it.

They finished the record in no time & all were ecstatic with it. The title would be "Brutality & Bloodshed For All," despite my brilliant suggestion of "Number One With A Bullet." I was sure this would be his year---hell, he'd already been on "Geraldo," and the feds were onto him for writing Gacy & Hinckley. The morning after the first gig, I got a call from a fan who was still howling with laughter, swearing it was the greatest twenty minutes of rock'n'roll he'd ever seen. I was as queasy as I was excited to be meeting GG the next day.

* * *

We hooked up at the Hotel Clermont lounge / titty bar, where GG was in great spirits, buying rounds of Bud cans & tipping the faded dancers generously. The long-rumored stench was nonexistent. His eyes were bright, and he glowed with nervous energy. An absurd, six-inch tuft of dyed-red beard jutted from his chin, and under his leather was a white smock with a rusty, abstract floral print. A closer look revealed the "print" to be a hundred dried blood spatters, accumulated in dabs over previous tours. He advised as to the prices for under-the-table handjobs & the like. We spent the first half-hour talking about a mutual fave of ours, Tiny Tim. I mentioned the fan report and GG asked, "Really? What songs did we do? Did he say how it ended?" He was serious. All too soon, we had to leave for soundcheck.

At the club, GG yelled over to us from a closed door: "Is this the men's room?" We shrugged. "Well, it is *now*." While we laughed, I had to remember that he'd ripped off lots of people off who'd tried to work with him, that he put his own fans in the hospital, that he might just as soon kill me as drink with me. I also knew he spent an undue amount of time being provoked, that he was as paranoid as he was audacious. For all the horrible shit GG stood for, I couldn't help but be charmed by how utterly himself he was. One thing seemed sure: If you just treated him like a person, you'd get it back twice.

BEGIN PART 2

The Atlanta kids felt like the Boston kids: dispassionate, lost, probably doomed. I thought of all the bands that would never lay claim to these kids, and about GG's frequent words to that effect. As the band plugged in, he appeared wearing a small plastic American flag like an apron, tied around him with string. He stopped to suck the nips of a wild backstage girl who was flashing him. A fan from the titty bar, who'd driven eight hours to see the show, took a hard smack in the head from GG's mike. He gazed up and said, "Wow... thanks!" before fumbling under the flag to jerk GG off. What *happened* to these people, and how did they find each other? I was overcome with a pity I'm sure they'd have only resented.

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As he paced around, I felt I was looking at either The Last Free Man, or someone more trapped than any of us. He was ranting about going to prison for being an individual when the music started, and the aura changed instantly. It was "Bite It You Scum," jet-engine loud and precise, thick as the tension it brought. GG was all movement and animal grace, his voice an icy shriek. Right away, I saw a girl unconscious, her friends pulling her away by the feet. A crying teenage boy ran for the door with his hand on his face, blood streaming through his fingers. I thought about bolting, but couldn't look away. Three nubiles up front whooped & made out with each other for a cameraman. GG brawled with another guy, then gave him grinning thumbs-up when they stopped. He yanked a clump of hair from someone's head & stared at it while he sang. The new material was dynamite, and during a later song, he skipped the last verse to eat out a local stripper in front of the stage. An orange highway cone was being thrown around, & GG tried to fuck the small end of it before whipping some heavy metal barstools at us. I stood behind a wall of people, thinking someone could easily die here. I have to admit, I found the prospect exhilarating.

In a stark moment, I watched him standing under severe white light, his face knotted in rage, a trickle of blood running into his eyes as he sang. I was sad & drained to think he'd endured fifteen years of this. I thought of the hundreds of bands I'd seen, and suddenly they meant nothing, a fluffy bunch of notes. This was uncool, an honest threat, what rock'n'roll was meant to be, but it was more than that. GG hit me as everything right and wrong with being alive at once: all the strength and all the sickness, but working together, an obscenely accurate metaphor for the human condition. Every last possible emotion was going down in that room. It was forbidding, ***real***, & raised a huge, glorious tangle of questions. The whole fucking world needed to see this.

Clearly, there was a message, but I wondered if it was wasted on young white trash, or if GG himself was even aware of it. I think he was. Before I could blink, it was over. We were supposed to sit down afterwards, but backstage was off limits while (I later heard) GG ate out the flasher chick. The next morning, it all felt like a bad dream---even though, for them, this was a really tame show. I flew back home to my tedious life, forever changed.

* * *

I immediately bought plane tix for Chicago, some three weeks later. I even got a call or two from the road in the meantime, and GG sounded fiendishly vibrant, if much more remote. He seemed glad that a magazine article I'd done on him was out. He'd been adamant about my finishing it this close to his release, and wanted several copies brought to the show. He was easy to find out front of the theatre that day in his trenchcoat, jockstrap & army helmet. I pulled out the magazines & he didn't even look at them.

Well anyway, this time I was ready. I stayed up front the whole time & got hit in the back with a lot of flying beer & debris. The show was devastating. GG did a turkey-baster enema & set fire to the place before the first song was over, sliced himself up with a busted can, pissed on the crowd, leaped over the barricades into several fights, the works. A total hate-fest. I was beaming. Chicago tried to play too-cool for this one & got it shoved up their ass. GG reminded them, "We ain't no *alternative band*. We ain't *Skinny Puppy*. We're pieces of fuckin' ***shit***."

We were supposed to hang out all the next day & do book stuff, but GG wasn't answering the phone. Granted, it was a rough show, but we'd just be talking. I later found out that he & Merle watched sitcom reruns while a machine screened my calls. Knowing they were going barhopping later that night was all the more galling. I met them at the dives anyway. GG was noticeably suspicious of me, watching when I talked to anyone else, yet was strangely courteous. Once again, he said this wasn't the time or place to talk; they had one more show & then, he assured me, he was all mine.

I soon heard the last show was a bust, with most of the crowd keeping a safe distance. GG was going to visit some friends down south, tape spots on the Jerry Springer & Jane Whitney shows, then play a newly-scheduled New York date. We agreed he'd come stay with me for a week starting the day after the show. I asked him to send me the dictaphone tapes from the tour. He never even brought the machine on the road. I thought about catching the New York show, but it was a million degrees out, sure to be a short gig, & I'd see him the next day anyway. I called Merle in the morning to see how it went, & to see if GG had left for Boston yet. GG was dead.

* * *

The show had ended in a near-riot, with GG running naked & bloody in the streets & stopping traffic. A gaggle of kids had followed him around, he eluded the cops and ended up at a party, where he did some drugs and died sometime after sun-up. A slapdash autopsy would declare it an OD, though his symptoms were more consistent with asphyxiation. There was none of the organ trauma that goes with a drug death, plus he'd been alive for hours after doing the drugs. Heroin kills now, not later. He almost certainly rolled over & suffocated, too fucked up to know he couldn't breathe.

The New York Post even ran an old picture of him on the cover the next day, hoping to sell a few copies. The wake &

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funeral would be in Littleton, NH several days later. He'd lived there on and off in his youth, and his mom still did. Pathetically few people showed, but the quaint little mountain town was hardly prepared. Some of the local diners refused to serve us. The daily paper had run a piece stating GG once ate shit onstage with Ozzy Osbourne (!), for which mom was threatening to sue. She's a terrific woman, but a tad in denial. As GG lay in state, hideously beaten & discolored in his leather & jockstrap, leaking fluids from a bum stitch job, she waxed wistful of his days in Little League. Many of GG's old friends hadn't seen him since he had hair & teeth. One whispered to Merle about the sorry sight of him; Merle sucked his smoke & said, "Yeah, well...I've seen him look worse." Sadder still, I'm sure that was true.

Yep, it was a freak show, as though everyone could have their way with him for a change. Kids put stickers on the coffin. A girl draped her panties over his face. Someone put pills in GG's mouth & "washed them down" with beer. A goodbye-bottle of Jim Beam in his arms was wrenched free and guzzled from. The band's drummer drew on GG's leg with a magic marker, and people took snapshots of the deceased's bloated pud. The party line *now* was, "He would have wanted it this way."

Merle was blasting a rough dub of the new album at the funeral home, and it was a motherfucker, easily GG's best. There was a paean to necrosodomy in "Anal Cunt," a rare *address to the listener* in "Take Aim & Fire," the riotous "Shove That Warrant Up Your Ass," the pro-AIDS "I Kill Everything I Fuck," and the one that would title his bio, "I Am The Highest Power." Merle was also playing country music, and I was shocked to discover that GG had stolen the melody for his "Outlaw Scumfuc" directly from David Allan Coe's "Longhaired Redneck," and another from Hank Williams, Jr.

I met a number of folks I hadn't been able to find. I'd mention a story about them from the diaries & always get the same response: "That's not how it happened at all." Most of them didn't want to know about any book, particularly GG's ex-wife. At graveside, they all had wildly disparate takes on GG and his "mission," the one constant being a blameless bewilderment with the whole thing, like he was just trying to be *zany* or something. With huge hunks of the story still missing & practically nowhere to go, I hung it up for the next several months.

The oft-anticipated media circus never happened. Aside from the expected zine coverage, there were six-line blurbs in SPIN and Rolling Stone, but that was about it. Howard Stern and Rush Limbaugh are alleged to have discussed it, but I haven't heard proof. So where does it stand? Well, things got worse. A girl in Chicago won't part with a box of GG's memorabilia (the graphics he wanted to use). An ex-girlfriend with whom he had a daughter refuses to help. The guys he was locked up with brag that they "taught him everything he knows." I still get twelve different reports on the same incident, but then sometimes I'd get that many just from GG. It's like, those least involved with the story want the acclaim, those most crucial don't want to admit it, and those just telling the truth contradict nearly everything GG said.

In January '95, I got the call to end 'em all. I found out the "diaries" themselves were fake. They're either the aborted bio Merle had mentioned (by a scenester who solicited two years' worth of fan contributions & ran), or a fictionalized account by a prison buddy I'd also heard about. Neither is verifiable, but I was hardly the only person holding this document, as I'd been so profoundly assured. If that weren't enough, I found out *this* year that GG didn't even write a batch of songs from a pivotal period early on---songs for which he'd given me insanely detailed background histories so that I'd dress them up nice.

His "followers" will probably hate my take on it for admitting, among other things, that GG loved his kid; that he thought about ditching rock'n'roll for country music later on (partly because he liked it, partly to piss everyone off); that despite his I-hate-my-audience rap, there are backstage videos of him saying, "We owe these people a show." What, you mean he wasn't Satan? Too complicated. I also get a special chuckle from people who say, "Well, he was mentally ill." Like we show up for work every day & we're not.

One last note for you ultra-correct types: much has been made of GG's claims to have raped women (and men) on and offstage. Call it propaganda. None of this has been substantiated in any way, and I've seen almost every gig ever taped. No one took a worse beating at these shows than he did. As to his much-publicized assault trial, all parties contacted so far agree that the acts in question were consensual. The "victim" has changed her story repeatedly. You can read all about it later. Meanwhile, check your facts before you spout off.

GG always said he wanted to get beyond the common perceptions & tell his story straight-up, but I wonder if he could even tell the difference at the end. His public image had eaten him alive. He often defied his intelligence & worth, as though acceptance on any tangible level meant treason to his cause. He might well have bagged it if he heard me now, trying to paint him as anything more than...the baddest-ass rocker ever. It was a no-winner from the word go.

The book currently idles at around 300 pages before adding everyone's quotes, dead-ending at the onset of prison, while I try to replace all the bad info with something fathomable. People ask me, why even bother at this point? Because it's still the greatest story in the world: hilarious, cryptic, tragic, vile, infuriating. Because I know too much at this point not to (what's proven to be true is better than all the bogus diary stuff anyway). Because there are still three or four dozen people who like, *really wanna read it*. Because, for however briefly & cautiously, he trusted me to try & get it right. And because I owe him one for kicking my ass back to reality. Fuck what anybody thinks. The guy made a difference. I miss you, GG. And don't worry, man...whatever your reasons, no one's ever gonna top what you did.

if you ever met GG, we gotta talk - write
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MF'S LIST OF FAVORITE FINDS

It is the unanimous opinion of MF magazine that record reviews suck, and should be left for the do.gs (see Roxanne's Record Reviews).
So, we have decided to merely list THE VERY BEST ITEMS we have recently bought, borrowed, stole, or been sent, here's our most current list of favorites!

USURPER 'DIABOLOSIS' LP -beautiful design, great artwork, and a super dark, ultimately heavy band! Get one!
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CRONOS does 'Venom' -old men wanting beer money!
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BEHEMOTH 'Grom' -blackest metal
DARKWOODS MY BETROTHED 'Autumn Roars Thunder' -black metal
HELHEIM 'Jormundgand' -shrieking black metal
LORD 'Dark Waters Stir' - melodic, black metal
All from SOLISTITIUM p.o. box 1210 • 26802 moormerland • germany

DANZIG 'Blackacidevil' - now with members of Prong and Fight
HOLLYWOOD RECORDS. u.s.a.

KORN 'Life Is Peachy' -needs no explanation
MOLLY MCGUIRE 'Lime' - Brian Lima likes it, progressive metal?
THE URGE 'Receiving The Gift Of Flavor' -rap / funk metal?
PUSHERMAN 'Floored' -alternametal, progressive-y
IMMORTAL/EPIC u.s.a.

SOLITUDE AETRUNUS 'Downfall' - masterful doom , their best ever
PAVEMENT MUSIC u.s.a.

ABIGAIL 'Intercourse and Lust' -Japanese black metal
ANATOMY 'Where Angels Die' -black, death, noise metal
VORAK 'Triumph of the Will' -Nietzsche black metal
SAMAIAN 'Indomitus' - outstanding melodic, black metal
All from MODERN INVASION, Australia

MF FAVORITES CONT.

JUDAS ISCARIOT 'The Cold Earth Slept Below'-blackest metal

SORG
DARKSIDE MOMENTS

WINDHAM HELL 'Window of Souls' - guitar heavy, almost ambient
DARKNESS ENSHROUD 'Unveiled Ghostly Shadows' -ambient dark
from MORIBUND RECORDS u.s.a.

ARCTURUS 'Aspera hiems symfonia' -all around the cauldren thrash
MOONSPELL 'irreligious' -Portuguese goth-metal
SAMAEL 'Passage' -excellent industrial metal
ROTTING CHRIST 'Triarchy of the Lost Lovers' -dark-arts, greek metal
All from CENTURY MEDIA u.s.a.

EXPERIMENT FEAR 'Assuming the Godform' -melodic death metal
DCA RECORDINGS / MASSACRE RECORDS u.s.a./germany

GROTESQUE 'In The Embrace Of Evil' -blackest metal in a digipak
LIERS IN WAIT 'Spirituality Uncontrolled' -technical, black, death metal

Jormundgand

SACRELEGE 'Lost in the Beauty you Slay' -deep, dark, black / death
SLATANIC SLAUGHTER II -Slayer tribute part 2, excellent!
BLACK SUN RECORDS, sweden
VADER 'Sothis' -great, wicked, brutal metal,
ANVULSED 'Eminence In Putrescence' -harsh, melodic, death
DEMILICH 'Nespithe' - bizarre, guttural metal
ADRAMELECH 'Psychstasia' -mythic, shamanistic, death metal
DERANGED 'Rated-X' - fuck! kill! piss! shit! death metal
GOLGOTHA 'Melancholy' . -excellent, heavy, melodic, doom metal
MURDER CORPORATION 'Blood Revolution 2050' -loud, fast, brutality
ASCAROTH 'The Quest For Eldenhor' -black metal
ATMAN 'Like Pure Unwaited Magic' -black gothic metal
IMPRECATION 'Theurgia Goetia Summa' -melodic, black, death metal
XHARATHORN 'Immemorial Atlantic Veneration' -ritualistic black metal
DEEDS OF FLESH 'Trading Pieces' -flesh eating death metal
THE MIST 'Gottverlassen' -old school Brazilian thrash
all from REPULSE RECORDS, spain

MOLESTED 'Stormvold' -wall of noise metal
EFFIGY RECORDS, norway
MADBALL 'Demonstrating my Style' -New York hard core

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SOLID 'Darkside Moments' -hardcore/, grind metal
SPITINK DEVILS 'For Butts.. and Other Fuckers' -industrial, grind core

DOMINUS 'The First 9' -rhythmic death metal, excellent
CYBORG 'Chronicles' -top notch industrial death

Monstrosity

GOAT 'Sacred Pilgrim' - crass black metal
MOLEST 'Milkfish' -Belgium thrash /core, not unlike Killing Joke
GROPE 'Primates' -cool, groovin' metal
TREND 'Bitch?' - Denmark rap metal
ILLDISPOSED 'Submit' -Danish death metal
DAEMON 'Seven Deadly Sins' -unique death metal
These titles are from Denmark's DIEHARD/ PROGRESS

GEHENNAH 'Hardrocker' -leather and spikes metal, Venomesque
PRIMITIVE ART RECORDS, sweden

MY DYING BRIDE 'Like Gods of the Sun' -slow doom, more like Swans
ANATHEMA 'Eternity' -
CRADLE OF FILTH 'Dusk and Her Embrace' -vampire, black metal'
FIERCE / MAYHEM RECORDS
DYSTOPIA ONE 'Attempted Mustache' -industrial metal
RAWKUS ENTERTAINMENT, u.s.a.

SIX FEET UNDER 'Alive And Dead' -death metal, of course!
BROKEN HOPE '
GALACTIC COWBOYS 'Feel the Rage' -progressive, alterna-metal
METAL BLADE, u.s.a.

JUSTICE UNKNOWN 'This is What Rage is About' -death / hardcore
516 'A Long Island Hardcore Compilation' - w/ Glassjaw, SOE, Motive, +
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ROXANNE'S RECORD REVIEWS

IN 25 BARKS OR LESS

The following reviews are written by Roxanne, The Rock-N-Roll Pit Bull. As previously stated, we at MF Magazine hate record reviews and refuse to do them. We've managed to coerce Roxanne into doing them, it took a lot of begging, and the legs of several mailmen, so if you've got a problem with Roxanne, or her reviews, you can talk to her about it. Just remember this, she doesn't take too kindly to criticism.

MD 45 'THE CRAVING' (SLAB/Capital) - Lee Ving of FEAR plus Dave Mustaine from MEGADETH equals Charlie Daniels on crack! Great for slurping beer and chomping on a big bloody bone!

MY DYING BRIDE 'LIKE THE GODS OF THE SUN' (Mayhem/ Fierce) - Reflecting pefectly the sweet, sad beauty of this tragic world. MDB slowly and melodically oozes enough melancholy to bring sorrow to any heart.

WINDHAM HELL 'WINDOW OF SOULS' (Moribund Records) - It's death metal, no it's ambient, no it's old Yngwie, no it's gothic, no it's....it's great! But, describing it makes me feel like a dog chasing it's tail.

DIO 'ANGRY MACHINES' (Mayhem Records) - No longer the last in line, he takes his stance once again, and most deservingly so, at the top of silver mountain!

SPITINK DEVILS 'FOR BUTTSUCKERS AND OTHER FUCKERS' (DIEHARD/Progress) - The best CD of the year - So what if it's only February! Taking the very best elements of metal today and twisting and turning them into something totally original!

GRIP, INC 'NEMESIS' (Metal Blade) - This is the best Slayer record since 'Reign on Blood'! What a fitting name for the CD, even this little dog knows whose nemesis they are. And, hatta ya know, No covers!

ABIGAIL 'INTERCOURSE AND LUST' 2 CD SET (Modern Invasion) - These Japanese black metalers are half-man, half-beast! Viscous, seething, frothing,, rabid, devil dogs! They've dug a hole straight to hell!

ADRAMELECH 'PSYHOSTASIA' (Repulse Records) - Down with the arse of the goat, I am Roxanne the Blasphemous, I say kiss the arse of the hound of hell! O Adramelech, I am here! I am here!

16 'DROP OUT'' (Theologian Records) - Damn it! I buried it out back so I could keep it for myself, and now I can't find it. These guys are the future gods of metal! I won't stop digging until it's found, even if it takes forever!

MARILYN MANSON 'ANTICHRIST SUPERSTAR' (Nothing) - Why bother, you've heard it by now. I like it, but it sure sounds like NIN Jr., except, doesn't that guy bare a striking resemblance to the sloth man from 'Seven'?

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"I AM SICK AND TIRED of Christians," said a young fellow in Philadelphia. "I am tired of hearing them or talking to them." So he decided to take a train to a lake where he could be out of their way. No sooner had the train started than the two passengers in the compartment began an earnest talk about the Bible. "Well, well," thought the young man, "I'm not going to stay here." As soon as the train stopped he jumped out and got into another compartment, only to find that he was with some old ladies. To his dismay, the old ladies were talking about the coming of the Lord. He was greatly annoyed. But the next station was his, and from his window he could already see the boats. Alighting, the young man discovered a boat just leaving for a pleasure trip and a number of happy young men and women were going on board. "At last," he said, "I have found what I want." But as soon as the steamer had started, he found that this was a Christian Sunday School excursion! He wandered downstairs to the saloon, where he saw the captain. "Good morning captain," said the young man. "Where can I go to be rid of these cursed Christians?" The captain, who was a worldly man, looked up and with a laugh said, "Nowhere. This is New Mars."

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Considerably frustrated, the young scoffer found two cans of fuel in the cargo hold, and poured the flammable liquid all over the deck of the boat. He struck a match, jumped overboard, swam ashore, and watched merrily as the blaze engulfed the boat and finally sank. He walked to the train station he had previously come from.

He found a big metal slab and propped it up on the tracks. Just then he heard the train coming. It skipped the tracks and everybody on board was killed instantly. The young man smiled a special smile of a job well done.

Arriving at the city the next day, he was immediately accosted by a Christian priest who asked him, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The young fellow said to the priest, "I confess that I am a sinner. I'd like to tell you more Father if only we could have some privacy and talk in the alley." The priest gladly accompanied the young man into the alley, where the young man removed his tie and strangled the priest to death, leaving him there in a crumpled pile.

The young man was feeling a bit tired and went home to go to bed, thinking to himself,

"Tomorrow I shall do like deeds as I have done today
until this planet is a serene place where
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By Dr. Randall Phillip

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